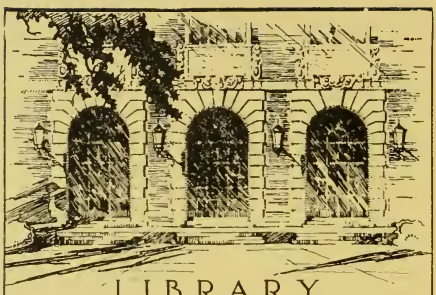

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Mrs Ashton Cave
With the Authors kind regards
Folkestone July 19, 1875.

CHRISTABELLE;

OR,

ANGEL-FOOTSTEPS.

CHRISTABELLE;

OR,

ANGEL-FOOTSTEPS.

BY

MRS. ROBERT CARTWRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "LAMIA, A CONFESSION."

"Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me! and to the hand of Heaven submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breast; arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest by labour won,
If so, I may attain."

PARADISE LOST, BOOK XI.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, BART., F.R.S., &c. &c. &c.

WHOSE PROFOUND SCIENCE AND GREAT INTELLECTUAL ATTAINMENTS

HAVE BEEN AN OBJECT OF THE HIGHEST REVERENCE

TO THE AUTHOR OF THESE PAGES,

FROM HER EARLY YOUTH UP TO THE PRESENT DAY,

This Work is Inscribed,

AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION:

IT BEING, THOUGH ONLY IN THE FORM OF FICTITIOUS NARRATIVE,

AN HUMBLE ATTEMPT TO POURTRAY THE EFFECTS

OF AN EDUCATION CONDUCTED UPON PHILOSOPHICAL PRINCIPLES

TOWARDS THE ACQUISITION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE,

WHILE BASED ON THEIR ONLY SURE AND PERMANENT FOUNDATION,

THE TRUTHS OF REVEALED RELIGION.

PREFACE.

THE Author, in submitting this work to the public, takes occasion to remark, that it is written in the same spirit, and with the same views, as her former novel of "Lamia."

As in that work the effects of a want of religious training upon a gifted mind were exemplified in a life exhausted in unsatisfactory purposes, and terminated by a state narrowly rescued from despair; so, in the present story, the results of a sound religious education upon a mind of equal intelligence, are exhibited in a happy reliance upon the promises of religion, and an humble resignation to the trials of this world.

The old Jewish dispensation, the judgment of the sins of the fathers upon the children, is

also shadowed forth in Christabelle: the author having observed that in real life the innocent children of erring parents are often mysteriously tried by Divine Justice, apparently as sin-offerings, for transgressions not their own.

She has also endeavoured to enforce the neglected truth, that the gifts of fortune, station, or talent, far from exempting their envied possessors from the ills of life, on the contrary, expose them in a peculiar degree to the cares and sorrows which especially beset the higher and more cultivated portion of society.

In the prosecution of this task, the author hopes that she may have expressed no sentiments that can give umbrage to any class of thinking Christians; and trusts that, having confined herself to the province of a narrator, she may have escaped all imputation of a desire to dictate on religious topics, or even to provoke controversy.

CHRISTABELLE.

CHAPTER I.

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
  Young and so fair.

* * *

Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
  Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
  Now, is pure womanly.

* * *

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful:
  Past all dishonour;
  Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

T. Hood.

It was a wet foggy morning in the middle of March. The streets of London were in that dismal and murky state in which it seems doubtful whether earth or water predominate in the muddy covering that hides the pavement

—the atmosphere absolutely resisting the feeble efforts of a wintry sun to penetrate the coffee-coloured mist. Spring, in London, is not the spring of the poets; on the contrary, if prose be ever visibly embodied in the scenery that surrounds us, it is so in the palpable obscure of a London dawn.

The faithfulness of this picture will not be disputed by those who have seen it; and if there be a part of London which is more pre-eminently dull and disfigured by smoke and obscurity under these circumstances, any thing still more lowering to the spirits than even the dingy hue of our dirty streets, it is the view over the Thames, as seen—if seeing be possible—from any of the bridges: a view so grand by nature, and so enriched by art, as to be foremost among the beauties of our capital, whenever the skies kindly permit us to enjoy it.

On the morning in question the air about London bridge, from which central spot our tale begins, was more loaded with brown fog, and more thoroughly opaque than usual. People of various classes were beginning to appear in the streets, resorting to their various occupations; workmen of various trades repairing towards the interior of the city, and

watermen taking their stand at the different stairs leading down to the banks of the river.

Observe one man in particular, who seems distinguished from the rest of his class by a certain air of respectability, though clad like the others; he has just parted from a middle-aged woman, apparently his wife, who leaves him with a happy and contented air to seek some little articles for their breakfast. She disappears round a corner; he descends the stairs to his wherry.

Others there were, not enjoying the advantage of such employment, nor perhaps so respectable in their various callings—if they could be said to have any: a few idle sallow-faced youths, some operatives out of work, and not seeming very anxious to obtain it. These seemed to loiter about the river, on the watch for whatever might turn up. In short, before the sun was half an hour risen, to the world if not to the eye, there were the materials for a considerable crowd gathered about the ends of London bridge, but there seemed no immediate chance of any event that should draw them together. On the contrary, the departure of one or two small steamers had rather the effect of dividing the assemblage, as the early boats are always

thronged by persons going to their daily work up and down the river.

Suddenly, through the midst of the gloom, a woman, poorly clad, was seen to rush madly from one side of the bridge to the other, and, climbing the balustrade with almost superhuman force, to plunge headlong into the flood below. The fog was so thick that it could not be seen whether she issued from house, or lane; and none but a group of watermen, standing by the corner of the bridge, could observe the occurrence plainly enough to be aware of the fearful catastrophe. Something the poor unfortunate held in her arms dropped from her as she fell, to be drowned or crushed among the barges, as it seemed inevitable. A short cry was heard, which roused the watermen's attention. With instinctive courage and generosity, they flew to their boats, and strove manfully to rescue a fellow creature from a watery grave. The man before mentioned, as seeming superior to his fellows, saw instantly that the falling bundle was an infant, caught by its clothes upon a corner of the bridge, from which it was in momentary danger of dropping. The man pulled round to it, raised himself as high as he could to seize the unconscious being, and

after some trouble, succeeded in lodging it safely in his boat. He then joined the other men who had rowed down the stream after the body; but, although successful, they found it only after life was extinct. Some hours had elapsed, the remains of this poor victim of misfortune had been brought to shore, and a crowd was quickly gathering round, when the attention of the people was drawn off by the rapid passing of three travelling carriages, which suddenly pulled up on finding their way obstructed.

A handsome man of middle age, seated in the carriage beside a young and blooming lady, evidently many years his junior, now put his head out of the window, and calling to his courier, exclaimed, "Luigi, che cosa fa tutta questa gente che ci sta intorno? Aviamo mancato il momento di metterci in mare. Va vedere se la barca del Ringdove si trova a suo porto."

Luigi, an Italian of no very prepossessing countenance, stood, for some not apparent reason, pale and trembling by the side of the carriage. His master, naturally impatient, and not understanding the cause of his servant's agitation, hastily opened the carriage-door on his side, which was that farthest from the

river, and jumped out. His wife, meanwhile, was so intensely absorbed in watching the movements of the crowd on her side, which was towards the river, that she hardly perceived her husband's absence. He was some time making his way through the crowd, which was moving against him, and had some difficulty in passing round the horses' heads, to get to the quay, where he expected to find his boat. It was only then that Luigi, who stood on that side, roused himself from his stupor, and prepared to look out for the boat. But he still, from time to time, looked back to the thickest of the crowd, which, together with the fall of the ground towards the river stairs, prevented his master from seeing what was going forward. What that was will appear hereafter.

The Duke and Duchess of Tintagel were on the point of embarking in their own yacht, the Ringdove, for the Mediterranean—bride and bridegroom—for such they were, in the full happiness of newly-wedded love.

Cornelia, for so was she called, was the daughter of Mr. Lovel of Cheyne, in Yorkshire, a man of very large fortune, which would eventually be hers, or her children's. To a

handsome person she joined not only considerable talents, but also a sweetness of temper and a soundness of judgment which do not always fall to the share of those whom fortune favours so highly. Fully aware of the great advantages which wealth and a high position in society give to their possessors, she was determined to use those gifts, as far as lay in her power, in such a manner as to make them a source of blessings to others, as well as of satisfaction to herself. Her education had been carefully conducted; and, although married at the early age of seventeen, she had uniformly shown such strong good sense and mature discretion, that her father, however unwilling to part with her, could not feel any uneasiness as to her entrance into the world. Cares she knew that she must expect; and she was wise enough to know that she must not depend upon her riches either to avoid them or to cure them; but she thought (and, if wrong, her inexperience of the world must be her excuse) that, by a voluntary self-denial of luxuries and pleasures for her own sake, she might, so to speak, earn the immunity from those sorrows which she would have been conscious of deserv-

ing, had she squandered her wealth in objects of self-gratification.

These were but delusions—delusions, it is to be feared, but too common among the unsophisticated, and so far innocent, young persons, who begin life with tolerably correct ideas of their own duties, but very incorrect ones of the field in which they are to be exercised. Cornelia had to learn, that no exercise of prudence, no precaution of experience, will preserve the most gifted in mind, or the best endowed with this world's good, from the common liability of mortals to grief and sorrow. Even the perfection of moral intentions, and the most exemplary practice of moral virtues, will not cover that liability. Sorrow, grief, and care are made to beset man's soul, as much as pain and sickness to torment his body. It is not the lot of man to be able to purchase an exemption from them, even by virtues of his own choosing.

However, in her praiseworthy intentions, and in the laborious efforts which she made to keep pace with them in practice, Cornelia was the happiest of the happy. Whether she had acted wisely or not, in giving herself to

the man who now called her wife, in spite of all his worldly qualifications, is a question.

Cornelia's beauty was of that kind which is generally considered as being peculiarly English: her long fair hair shaded a face whose lovely bloom seemed the personification of spring; her delicate features, of almost infantine mould, when lighted up by the brilliancy of her large melting blue eyes, acquired a serene and benevolent expression, which faithfully betokened the generous heart within,—a heart so devoid of all selfishness that it scarcely asked a return of its own love. Such a return, however, her own brilliant and amiable qualities were sufficient to ensure, and the duke, though *blasé* enough in society, seemed now wholly devoted to his beautiful and amiable bride.

The happy couple, to adopt the most hackneyed expression that exists in the English language, were now, in their first honeymoon, on the point of their departure for the Mediterranean: the husband, at once spoilt by, and tired of the world, for the purpose of dissipating his ennui by the excitement of novelty; the young wife, new to every thing beyond her father's hall, in the eager hope of enjoying and profiting by the sight of all the objects of in-

terest abroad, which had long been her study at home. The husband's yacht, which she had never seen—the sea voyage, of which she had as yet no correct notion—the change of climate —the birds—the fish, that she expected to find at every day's sail, were all looked for with the anxious earnestness of an unsophisticated child.

We have seen how, in turning a corner near the end of London bridge, next the stairs by which they were to take boat to reach the yacht, the carriage was stopped by a dense and apparently a highly-excited crowd, who were passing in the direction contrary to that in which the carriage was advancing.

One may be a long time in the middle, and still longer on the outside of a London mob, without being a whit nearer to a knowledge of the cause which has drawn them together: few know it, fewer care about it, but all are eager to see and to say something.

The crowd at last gave way before the reiterated efforts of the servants; and with curiosity partly satisfied, partly diverted into a new channel by the arrival of these splendid carriages, turned from the river, and began to scrutinize the equipage and its owner. Still, there were some, particularly women, less care-

less and indifferent than the generality, who were heard to say, as they filed off towards their various destinations,—"Poor creature! how young, how handsome!—shocking thing!—the child, too—workhouse—starvation,"—and the accents of momentary pity died away, but not before they had excited a deep and painful curiosity in the breast of Cornelia, who gazed intently on every group that passed.

At length some police-officers and watermen appeared, forcibly making their way through the throng, followed by others bearing the lifeless body of a female, decently clad, which they had recovered from the water. Another rough, but not unkindly-looking fellow, carried a young child of a few months old, that gave token of life by its cries—happier, but yet perhaps not much happier, in having escaped the fate of its poor unfortunate mother.

That mother, alas! whose spirit had now fled from the cares and deceits of this world, shewed in the very arms of death the uncommon beauty which had perhaps had no small share in leading her to a life of sorrows, and ultimately to an untimely grave.

Her ivory brow was shaded with dark luxuriant tresses, now hanging loosely over her

neck, her eyes, closed for ever, were fringed with the long black lash, and surmounted by the finely pencilled eyebrow, that marks the blood of a southern race; while her clothes, dripping with water, evidently covered a frame of no common symmetry. The child, a fine little boy, bore a striking resemblance to its mother, and excited a great degree of sympathy among the cold and usually apathetic bystanders.

But of all the witnesses to this melancholy scene, was there none touched by something deeper than a mere passing shudder, or the transient shock that all feel when suddenly reminded that the victim of to-day may be a stranger—that of to-morrow—thyself?

"Will no one pity—will no one take compassion on that poor innocent?" cried Cornelia, with difficulty suppressing her emotion. The crowd made an effort to pass on. "Oh stop, stop! where are they going?" she exclaimed—"To the inquest, to be sure, ma'am," answered one of the policemen; and the still, lifeless corpse was borne on. Cornelia saw it no more. Some stoppage intervened between the bearers and the man who was carrying the child, which separated them for a time, nay—for ever—and

delayed the terrified infant close to the carriage window, so that Cornelia had a full view of the poor unconscious victim of his wretched mother's desperate suicide.

The child rolled its large dark eyes around, and fixed them, as if attracted, on the kind countenance of Cornelia, which acted like magic on its fears. Its tears ceased to flow—it held out its little hands towards the carriage, and a faint attempt at a smile played around its lips. "But whither will they take that child?" said Cornelia. "To the workhouse, of course, ma'am," said a woman; "it's parish business, quite a plain job; as for the poor little thing, it caught by its clothes on the edge of the bridge, or it would have been safe with its mother before now."

Safe! safe—where? in the grave—safe! how that word struck deep into Cornelia's soul! Here was she in the height of human happiness and luxury, and yet a poor child barely saved from destruction, was thought to have exchanged a safer lot in death for the trials of life, and the chances of a wretched existence in this world.

And who was the utterer of that apparently hard sentence? A poor woman meaning no ill

to the child, or she would not have called its escape lucky, but one who knew the hardships of life, and the many chances against it, in the case of a poor orphan.

Cornelia was now so deeply moved, and she felt her heart so keenly interested in the fate of this little friendless being, that she begged and implored her husband, who now had rejoined her again, as he loved her, to allow her to alight from the carriage, and follow the baby to the workhouse, the police-office, or whatever might be its destination. She felt that it was an opportunity for doing good, which Providence had thrown in her way expressly to test the firmness of her good intentions; she felt also that to flinch before difficulties would be a virtual dereliction of her best resolves. And, to her infinite satisfaction, perhaps a little to her surprise, her husband made no objection to her going. The secret of this easy compliance may as well be told—they had lost the tide.

Cornelia took her husband's arm, and, preceded by two of their servants, they made their way with difficulty to the door of the police-office. Fortunately the body of the unhappy mother was carried on to the place where the Coroner's Inquest was to be held, while the

parish-beadle, with a high and consequential air, conducted the man (who still held the child in his arms, and was followed by a woman who proved to be his wife), first to allow the occurrence to be reported by the policemen, and then to take the new charge under his own scowling eye, to the parish workhouse. This produced a division of the crowd, and while the greater part, out of curiosity, flocked to the inquest, a much smaller number followed to the workhouse.

To those who are used to the common routine of public business, and are hardened to the unavoidable scenes of distress and poverty that are daily visible in the hall or receiving-room of a workhouse, description is unnecessary: to those who are not familiarized with similar occurrences, it would be repulsive; and the sequel of our story requires us only to say, that the courage and patience of Cornelia were hardly taxed in carrying through her benevolent design.

No sooner were she and her husband arrived before the guardians, and their quality made known, than all eyes were turned, with a more than unceremonious gaze, upon such distinguished and unusual visiters. The guardians

requested them to be seated, and called upon the sailor (for such was the man who carried the child) for an account of the event of the morning. The man, after having transferred the baby to his wife, much to the little creature's seeming satisfaction, began thus:—

"Please your worship, I'm a waterman. I'm a real sailor too, your worship, and I've served aboard her majesty's ships of war. I've been wounded in an action with pirates in the West Indies, and was last in the surveying service all round the Mediterranean."

"My good man, we don't want to hear all that; we've no doubt you're a good fellow and a good sailor."—"So he is, your worship, one of the best men at the Stairs,"—interrupted more than one voice among the parish constables. "Silence!" said the chairman—"now tell us, how comes this baby brought upon our parish?"

"Why, your worship, as I was lying at the Stairs, waiting for a fare, and looking sometimes up the river, and sometimes down, I hears a sort of a rustling over head; and so, as I couldn't see nothing for the fog, down came a thing splash into the water beside my wherry, and went down. I was up with my skulls in

a jiffey, misgiving as how it was something wrong, and so, after pulling about down the river for an hour or more, I, and some other lads in a punch-bowl as pulled off at the same time, came up with the body of as fine a young woman as ever I saw. Poor creetur, thinks I, you've had neither law nor justice in your favour, I'll be bound, if the truth was known, so we gets her into the boat and begins rubbing her, but all to no purpose; the water she tooked in had choked her mayhap, or she had knocked her head again the barge, but she never came to life again; if that did not do it all, grief had done the rest. Well, we brought the body to shore, where the police took it, and glad I was to have it off my hands, such a sweet handsome creetur, too. But, first of all, as I forgot to say, afore I went searching for she in the boat, I hears a young child cry—now, for the life o' me, I never could abide to hear a child a crying and making of a noise, it takes away one's heart—on looking up, I saw that little creetur sticking to the banisters of the bridge in a miraculous manner. Hoa, says I, if nobody will get you down from your berth, I must go aloft and see what I can do. So off I goes, and being used to climb the rocks in the islands where we did use to go after

them pirates, I soon got up the side of the bridge with the help of a rope and stick, and sure as I stand here, your worship, there was that poor innocent sticking by its clothes only to some of the carvings of the bridge, and so having made fast the babby in a basket, my good woman here"—and he looked round with satisfaction at his wife—"made me take, I handed the little creetur down safely, and the police told me I was bound to bring and leave it here, poor thing, and here it is safe and sound, God help it."

Several of the bystanders here stepped forwards as witnesses to the occurrence, and corroborated the waterman's story in every particular. The inspector of the district also said that Johnson was one of the most respectable men on the river; that having been in the surveying service, he was looking out for a place as pilot, for which his testimonials were sufficient, but had no immediate chance of one. His wife, too, had had a place on board one of the packets, and was known in the neighbourhood as a kind-hearted woman, but one who could rough it, and had roughed it in voyages across the Atlantic. She had met and married Johnson at Gibraltar on his return from the surveying duty in the Mediterranean, and, since

on shore, had been assistant nurse at the Foundling. She evidently longed to have charge of the poor child.

Cornelia, who had been waiting with breathless attention till the scene was over, and who was nearly overcome by her emotion, which she strove to master rather than conceal, whispered something to her husband, who begged the people behind him to allow the lady to pass out, in order to breathe a little fresh air. They civilly gave way, and Cornelia no sooner found herself in the lobby than she entreated her husband to allow her to take the little orphan on board, and to bring him up as an act of charity, the very inducement to which seemed to have been purposely thrown in their way by the events of the morning.

At first she found him not a little opposed to what he called her romantic scheme; but with the powers of persuasion, which a beautiful wife in the very commencement of her honeymoon is usually conscious of, strengthened by the suggestion that Johnson and his wife would be of the greatest use on board the yacht, he as pilot, and she as an extra maid-servant used to the sea, besides her attending on the child, she at last succeeded. A piercing cry from the poor

unconscious object of all this solicitude, who had opened its eyes and missed the continuance of her whom it had instinctively recognised as its protectress, sealed the compact, and recalled her to the hall. As soon as the infant saw her, it became quiet: and the woman, who was kindly nursing it, looked up with surprise.

Her husband addressing the guardians, after giving his name, stated, that he had only attended the investigation as having been interested in the fate of the innocent sufferer, from a catastrophe which a few minutes only had prevented his being a witness of; that he was on the point of sailing for the Mediterranean, and that such a pilot for that navigation as Johnson, and such a woman as stewardess, in which capacity he had no female on board, his wife's maid being perfectly unused to the sea, would suit him if they were prepared to start next tide, and could produce proper testimonials—that his wife was penetrated with compassion for the poor infant, and would take it off the hands of the parish, if those two persons could accompany them, the wife engaging to take charge of the child.

So liberal an offer struck the whole assembly with admiration: the joy and gratitude of

Johnson and his wife may be conceived. He asked but an hour to fetch a fresh certificate from the Admiralty, and from some officers under whom he had served, as well as a similar testimonial from the Packet department in favour of his wife. As to general good character, the guardians and magistrates present, who had frequent opportunities of knowing much of both of them, satisfied the duke and duchess on that head, and after a receipt, duly signed and witnessed, had been delivered to the chairman, the child was handed over to its new protectors, and put on board. Johnson and his wife returned with ample testimonials, and outfits being at hand in Ratcliffe highway, they rigged themselves, and joined the yacht before the tide served.

CHAPTER II.

Mighty sea!
Cameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder sky—thy mistress; from her brow
Thou tak'st thy moods, and wear'st her colours on
Thy faithful bosom—morning's milky white,
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve.

* * * *

Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling sea
Has spires and mansions more amusive still—
Men's volant homes, that measure liquid space,
On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land,
With pain'd and panting steeds, and clouds of dust,
Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night;
Moor'd, as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit, and yond
Mysteriously, with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

CAMPBELL.

THERE is nothing that has so natural a tendency to excite the imagination of youth, or to enliven the spirits even of mature age, as the commencement of a voyage. The remark would

not apply to travelling generally, or at least in an inferior degree, but change of air, of scene, of life and ideas, take place so suddenly on embarking for a sea voyage, that it is not wonderful that those who have the world's lesson yet to learn, should feel their expectations raised at that moment to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

To those whose knowledge of foreign countries has hitherto been entirely confined to books, much of what they read makes only the impression of a picture, or of a well-acted representation; the idea is there, but the reality is wanting. It is in vain that we figure to ourselves manners so remote from ours as those of South America —of Turkey—or of China: that we look at prints or drawings of scenery on the banks of the Mississippi, the coasts of New Zealand, or the lofty Alps of the continent: the illusion is imperfect, it is our reason and not our senses that are affected.

But the reality of finding one's self for the first time on shipboard, the unquestionable certainty of not standing on terra firma,—the new and unintelligible nautical language, perhaps foreign sailors, and a thousand other small but undoubted facts, concur in giving us the notion that we are indeed in a new world. All the

power of novelty, not as a passing amusement, but as a change in the material circumstances of our being, acts at once upon the mind as well as on the senses—with this addition, that the further we go, the more does this feeling increase.

So it was with Cornelia. She had scarcely ever left her father's home, and knew little of foreign lands but from the reports of old officers, contemporaries of her father, whose services had led them to acquire first that experience of a variety of countries, which in description is calculated to awaken curiosity, not to satisfy it. Indeed, Cornelia had scarcely so much knowledge of foreign Europe as falls to the share of most young persons in these days: her ecstasy therefore at the prospect of a voyage, and in such an agreeable manner, may easily be conceived.

With the evening tide, all were on board; and although neither masters nor servants expected to make things quite comfortable till they had been at the least four-and-twenty hours on board, if then, they took a slight and rather hurried repast as the yacht dropped down the river; and the night being very dark and foggy, the pilot brought them to an anchor near Gravesend.

The fatigues and excitement of the morning had so far overcome Cornelia, that she was happy to seek repose in her snug and neatly-furnished cabin. Every thing fit for sea wear and tear had been carefully selected for her comfort; nothing fragile, nothing tawdry nor out of keeping with that which, however glossed over, is a rough life, was to be seen in her little floating abode. She had good taste enough to beg of her husband that it might be so; for she thought that many of the luxuries of the land would appear greatly misplaced at sea. The costly decorations and rich gildings of some of the splendidly-fitted vessels in the port of London, must seem like a bitter mockery in a storm, and the elegant paintings, and garlands of flowers, with which their cabins are decked, must be very inappropriate to the dangers of a lee shore. Fancy the ironical expression that the best copy of the dancing Faun, or a smiling Cupid, would acquire when your topgallant mast is carried away; the dance of the Muses would look very like the dance of Death, when you ship a sea on the coast of Norway.

But the gallant Ringdove was still in the mouth of the Thames, and no perils were to be apprehended.

Cornelia, before retiring to her couch, made it her chief business to see to the wants and comforts of the poor little orphan whom she had so charitably taken to her bosom. Its little outfit had not been the last thought of in their haste; it had been bathed and newly clothed, and fed, and was now in as fast and unconscious a sleep as happy infancy could enjoy. It was a beautiful child, and only wanted the affectionate care of a mother to restore its temporary weakness to the full strength and vigour of its age.

Nothing could exceed the care of the worthy Mrs. Johnson for the adopted orphan. She told Cornelia, that, even singular as this occupation might seem to her, it was not the first time she had had the care of infants on board ship, one having been born during her last passage across the Atlantic, of which she had successfully taken charge. She assured Cornelia that infants were the best of sailors, that being insensible to almost all outward impressions, and having no cares to disturb the equanimity of their minds, they were removed from the chief causes of sickness at sea; besides, they were easily kept quiet, and if quiet, slept.

Innocent and happy, Cornelia, well satisfied

with her day's work, thanked God for having given her the opportunity of doing good; and then, with almost as few cares as the poor child whom she had rescued from a watery grave, laid her head upon her narrow pillow, and slept soundly till morning.

Nobody sleeps late on board ship. Independently of regulation, the indescribable noises, thumps, and rubbings that go on overhead, the bustle and cries of the men heaving the anchor, alone in a small vessel are enough to banish sleep at an early hour. The tide serving, they made sail and were not long before they were out of the river, and fairly pursuing their course with a favourable breeze down the British Channel.

Once fairly pushed off from shore, the sensations of having left the world that one knew, and of having entered upon one hitherto unknown, press heavily upon the mind and spirits of those unaccustomed to the sea. The first going is exciting, pleasurable in the extreme; but once on the wide bosom of the ocean, a feeling of melancholy, of remembrances and regrets, of, as it were, a tie broken, comes over the heart that has left any thing it loves behind.

So it was with the yet untried and inexperi-

enced Cornelia. Enchanted as she had felt at the prospect of her voyage, which had begun with fine weather and fair winds, with every comfort possible under the circumstances, she yet felt a degree of sadness she could not account for. She knew her voyage was not to be of great length, that it was only to visit the coasts of Europe; but once out of sight of land it seemed as if they were going to America—to India—or to the Antipodes. These feelings were but temporary; and though visions of home, of her father's house, and many other domestic associations, would force themselves upon her mind, she soon accustomed herself to her new way of life, and by degrees recovered her natural spirits.

Her little protégé, Nicholas, for so he was to be called, contributed not a little to this revival of her faculties. The care that he required, was at once an occupation and an amusement to Cornelia, who watched him with the love and the inexperience of a young mother; while the pilot's wife was faithful to her trust, and tended the interesting charge as if he had been her own child. In rough weather the good woman's attentions were indispensable, as neither the lady nor the female servants could at such

times look after any but themselves. The first week at sea made such an improvement in the health and good looks of the infant, whose good temper and attachment to his benefactress were such, that she really wished it had been her own.

The Ringdove was a yacht that had been built expressly for the Duke of Tintagel some years before, and he had made more than one voyage in her previously to his marriage. She was what is called an excellent sea-boat, and a swift sailer, besides being built on a plan which combined, or was said to combine, all the merits of the American and French school of shipbuilding. Her crew, who were retained from year to year, were deservedly proud of her; and, as she had already won several sailing-matches, they scrupled not to call every craft a "tub" that was not her equal.

If the pilot's wife made herself useful in one way on board the yacht, her husband did not fail to do so in another. They were well across the bay of Biscay, and were running down the coast of Portugal before a stiff breeze, when the duke, who was enjoying the mild air and southern sky from the quarter-deck, observed in the far west a small, but very dark cloud rising above the distant waves, and contrasting

strangely with the snowy foam that fringed their curling summits.

"The wind seems freshening," said he to the pilot. "Yes, my lord," was the man's answer, "and, if it veers a point or two more to the westward, as that rising cloud makes me think it will, this is not the most we shall have of it before morning."

The duke then desired his wife, who had joined him on deck, to go below, and to take quietly to her berth before the squall, which was now evidently approaching them, should throw every thing into confusion. He, being used to the sea, would remain on deck, at least till the sunset, in order to be able to form some judgment of the weather.

Although the clouds gathered heavily in the western horizon, from which they seemed to rise like stupendous Alps, ever swelling as they neared the frail bark on which they appeared ready to fall, the storm was much slower in its approach than the pilot expected. The wind alternately freshened and fell, for an hour at a time, but without in any degree lessening the swell of the sea, which slowly increased towards evening. The sun went down very red behind those mountainous clouds, which long retained

its parting beams upon their broken tops, and the last sad gleam which its expiring rays shot across the wide ocean, gave fearful indication of the coming gale.

Cornelia was not deficient in constitutional courage, but she could not view the gradually increasing wrath of the angry elements, without some feeling of awe, approaching to terror. To her a storm at sea was fearful, as much from its novelty as from any idea of danger.

The wind increased to a gale during the night, which, it need hardly be added, was a sleepless one to most on board. The duke was on deck till a late hour, and had ample opportunity to observe the steadiness and skill with which his new seaman, Johnson, acquitted himself of every duty. He replied to the duke's questions with calmness, and gave his opinion that, if this wind would hold without more violence till they were off the Rock of Lisbon, it would probably veer round to the south, and blow them cleverly into the mouth of the Tagus: if not, a calm would ensue, and they would be blown off by a breeze from the land.

The pilot's prognostication proved true. After a stormy night, during which they drove before the wind many leagues to the south-

ward, they were enabled by their position to make use of it to run into the mouth of the Tagus, and, as they neared the land, the wind gradually fell, and by daybreak they were becalmed within sight of the majestic mountains of Cintra. Having lost the wind, they could of course only trust to the tide for carrying them up to Lisbon, before an off-shore breeze should set in, as it probably would do.

As soon as the yacht was in comparatively smooth water, Cornelia, rising from a sleepless couch, and equally impatient both to see the coast of a new country, and to breathe the fresh air of the morning, came upon deck to enjoy the brilliant dawn of a southern climate. The pure, clear blue of the eastern horizon was gradually lighted up with that transparent hue which, while you look at it, changes visibly from crysolite to topaz, from topaz to opal: the sky became suddenly traversed by streaks of saffron and orange, melting into a soft rose-colour, reflected from thin clouds which a moment before were imperceptible: whilst the lower mists floated off in deep purple wreaths, tipped here and there with gold, brightening as the resplendent orb approached the moment of

its entry on our hemisphere. Then as the globe of fire mounted rapidly into the heavens, casting a ruddy glow over the waters, it gilded successively every tower and turret, every spire and convent, of the royal city, lighting with its beams every quinta and casino, deep set in their dark orange and olive groves along the shore, till the whole basin which forms the superb port of Lisbon, and its noble tributary, the Tagus, studded with ships of war, and merchant vessels of all nations, was opened to the view in a panorama of unrivalled splendour.

Cornelia stood by her husband on the deck, enchanted with a picture so magnificent, and in every way so new to her. She thought she could never tire of looking alternately at the two banks of the river, or of watching the light and picturesque sailing-boats that skimmed the surface of the bay. The singular dresses and physiognomy of the Portuguese, who now surrounded them in their skiffs, and only waited the official notice of free pratique to be able to communicate with them, was another object of interest: and so wrapt up was she in contemplating all that surrounded her, that the yacht slackened sail and came to an anchor

almost before she was aware of it. The officer of the Quarantine came on board, and, after the necessary formalities were gone through, and, above all, the necessary fees paid, the Ring-dove and her inmates were speedily admitted to free pratique with the shore.

Then began the clamour of boatmen, the din of all the useful or interested persons, who throng round every new vessel when she enters a Portuguese or Mediterranean harbour. Fresh vegetables, fruit, meat, all sorts of commodities, were offered for sale, or almost thrust upon the unhappy steward, and recommended with all the unintelligible volubility of their very indistinct pronunciation. Out of a floating market of supplies sufficient for a man-of-war, the steward was at last enabled to cater for the family and crew of the yacht, while the duke and duchess descended into their gig, and landed in the metropolis of Portugal.

Their stay was not long at Lisbon: sufficient, however, to give ample food to the enthusiastic mind of Cornelia, who now, for the first time, beheld the manners and customs of a southern people, the varied productions of a warm climate, and, above all, the specious pomp of Roman Catholic worship. All this forcibly struck her

imagination, and gave a bias to her already strong poetical feelings, which henceforth received a more decided inspiration from the contemplation of so much that was picturesque in art, nature, and costume. At her age, the mind receives new impressions with something more than mere wonder, or even pleasure: new scenes, new images, are received with a degree of favour and partiality almost amounting to affection; and when, in after life, mature experience renders it necessary to efface some of these early impressions, they are not parted from without pain, as if it were the severance of a youthful friendship. Disappointments of this nature, however, in matters more serious than the associations of travel, await every one in the journey through life.

Every person who has made the first experiment of a southern climate, by a rapid voyage from the bleak shores of England in the spring to those of the Peninsula or the Mediterranean, can bear testimony to the mixed feelings of surprise and admiration excited by the view of a nature, of an existence, so new and hitherto unknown. And if the first landing should happen to be but a little further off—in Africa, Asia, or in Turkey, the difference of races,

manners, we had almost said of being, is so complete, that contact alone brings us to the conviction that we had never before, from mere report, comprehended its reality.

The duke and duchess made but a short stay in Lisbon, being anxious to reach Malta before the hot weather should set in. The beauty of the season, then in all the rich freshness of spring, tempted them to make the most of their time in short excursions in the neighbourhood. They explored the lofty rocks of Cintra, the famous aqueduct, and the palaces and convents of the capital and its environs. They made water parties up the Tagus, and across it to the orange gardens of St. Ubes: and, having exhausted all the nearer objects of that interesting country, while their steward had carefully employed the time in replenishing their sea stores, they prepared to sail by moonlight on the evening of a splendid day, and to proceed for Gibraltar.

The approach to a celebrated place has always something exciting in it to a stranger: but when that place, in addition to its historical interest, is remarkable for its natural beauty or sublimity, the first view of it makes an impression beyond any effect which mere reading

could produce. Such is peculiarly the case with the unique rock, or rather mountain, of Gibraltar. By no effort of previous description can the striking features of such a gigantic natural fortress as Gibraltar appears to a ship standing in from sea, be conveyed accurately to the mind: drawings may render intelligible the style of scenery to be expected; but the surpassing effects of light and shade, height and depth, colour and climate, can neither be anticipated by words, nor portrayed by art.

A short delay being necessary at Gibraltar for various purposes in connexion with what all yacht voyagers know to be one of their necessary troubles, namely, the taking in fresh meat, vegetables, fruit, and other indispensable requisites for comfort not to be had at sea; the duke proposed to his wife a short excursion to Cadiz and Seville, which she readily assented to. Leaving their yacht for the present, as well as the little Niccolò and the greater part of the servants, they hired a swift-sailing country vessel, and ran over to the harbour of Cadiz in a few hours. Cadiz delayed them but a short time—they were more anxious to see the banks of the Guadalquiver, the rich plains of Andalusia which it waters, and the famous city of

Seville, than any merely maritime town, however bustling and prosperous.

The second day brought them to the gates of Seville, after a hot—and to Cornelia, rather fatiguing—journey. Nothing but the strong desire she had to see Spain in its full attributes of climate, costume, arts, and national peculiarities, would at that time have made her leave her own comfortable cabin in the Ringdove for a Spanish venta.

On their arrival at Seville, their first object was to see the celebrated Cathedral, which to a Spaniard embodies all that the history of his country, both religious and artistic, brings with it to his feelings. He there sees the remains of Moorish grandeur and Mahometan infidelity at once surmounted by the cross of Christ and by the emblems of the Spanish monarchy; in its chapels he sees the triumph of Spanish art, the lingering traces of the now faded magnificence of Spain and the Indies: the tower, the famous Giralda, of Moorish architecture at its base, and of Christian taste at its summit, bears noble testimony to the changes of dynasty as well as of creed which it has witnessed.

On entering the Cathedral, the first object which their too officious guides pointed out, was

the number of relics and miraculous figures which it contained, but which not being to the taste of either of the visiters, they eagerly inquired for the paintings of Murillo and Velasquez. To such as still exist they were accordingly conducted; but not even the magic pencil of these great artists could remove the impression, that the noble building, a proud monument of Roman Catholic grandeur, enriched with every costly appurtenance of Papal worship, was superior in conception and more striking to the imagination of the many—to the heart perhaps of the few—than all the gorgeous things it contained.

After staying two days more at Seville, they returned to Gibraltar.

On leaving Gibraltar and entering on the calm expanse of the "summer sea"—the Mediterranean—such as it usually is in the latter half of spring, the duke resolved to make use of the favourable season to visit some of the less frequented places which he had omitted to see in his former travels. For this purpose, he ran down the coast to Carthagena and Valencia, and after a short stay in that part of the country, which is called the garden of Spain, he directed his course to the islands of Minorca and Majorca.

His own tastes were not his only guides in this instance: he was prompted by a desire to show to Cornelia, as yet so new to the world, some of the less frequented but not least interesting parts of the Mediterranean.

Travelling is now become so common, and the great points of assemblage among European nations are becoming daily so nearly alike in character, that the mere routine of a voyage, touching only at the usual ports, may be gone through with little advantage, and not much opportunity of observation. For this reason, he preferred visiting those secluded spots where modern civilization has not crept in to the detriment of ancient simplicity. There are parts of the shore of the Mediterranean, and of the countries adjacent to it, where the manners and customs of the people, their dresses, and way of life, are still what they were in the middle ages; and this at no great distance from the most splendid cities.

During the voyage, the duke by degrees began to notice the little foundling, whom his wife's charity, rather than his own, had made their fellow-traveller. He more particularly remarked the great beauty of the child's black eyes, and declared his fixed opinion that the

mother, whose body it will be remembered he had not seen during the stoppage that followed the catastrophe, must have been a Spaniard or an Italian. "I regret now," said the duke, "that I did not follow the crowd to the inquest, while you, Cornelia, were, as more natural, attracted by the child's fate to the workhouse."

"Much better, Eccellenza, that you did not," officiously interposed Luigi, "Ho visto passare tutta la canaglia di Londra, non era luogo per V. E."

Surprised, and not pleased, at the intrusion of his valet, whom he did not imagine to be within hearing, the duke ordered him below, and continued pacing the deck with Cornelia. It did not come out until long afterwards, that while his master and mistress were engaged with the authorities in the workhouse, and in following up the investigation which ended by placing the friendless orphan in their hands, Luigi, like his countrymen, always ready to pry into concerns not his own, had run off with the speed of a madman to the scene of the inquest, looked for one minute on the corpse, and returned with equal celerity.

The duke's remark about the child's dark eyes drew from Cornelia the rather late in-

formation, that on her first examination of the little outcast's poor clothing she had found a name written on a crumpled slip of paper and hardly legible—Niccolò—so that he must be considered as evidently of Italian parentage. Her husband wished much to see it, but it had been lost on the voyage, and that universally endearing name "Baby" having been adopted in this case, as in many others, to the total exclusion of any other, it is wonderful that "Niccolò" had not fallen entirely into oblivion. The fact, however, reminded Cornelia that she had still one duty more to perform with regard to the protégé—for duties once assumed, however voluntarily or generously, imply obligations not capriciously to be laid aside; namely, that of procuring it to be baptized, as an entrance into the Christian world, of which she was now earnestly desirous to make it a worthy member. She would educate Niccolò as her child, had she any of her own or had she not; she would make him every thing that young enthusiastic mothers intend their model sons to be. It was therefore resolved by her, and readily assented to by the duke, that on their arrival at Malta, where they were sure to find an English church and chaplain, the little Niccolò should formally

receive his name according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England. Her husband and herself and some kind friend would be his sponsors.

It grieved her kind heart, nevertheless, to observe, that the child, though full of animation, and readily attaching itself to her and to all who fondled it, which in turn included almost every one on board, showed little inclination to the duke: it seemed always to turn from his approach to cling the closer to Cornelia or to its nurse. If fear or shyness prevented it from liking the duke, a positive aversion to Luigi seemed to inspire it whenever that person came within its sight. The instinct of the child made it feel that this man was not its friend—and that even the duke was indifferent to it, beyond the mere fact of having taken it up in easy compliance with his wife's fancy.

Meanwhile the Ringdove, impelled by favourable winds, bore her now rather impatient master and his family successively to Sardinia and Sicily; and after a short but prosperous run from the latter island to the classic shores of Carthage, and down the adjoining coast of Africa, she again changed her course, and safely entered the great harbour of Valetta, in the isle of Malta.

This was the term proposed for the first part of the voyage: the whole party had need of rest and refreshment, as well as of some trustworthy and recent information respecting the less civilized countries which they intended to visit, and for which more precaution might be necessary.

The scenery and attractions of Malta are so different from those of most parts of the south of Europe, that there is no spot among the more frequented islands of the Mediterranean respecting which there are such different opinions. It possesses nothing of a romantic nature, and but little of antiquarian interest; yet, paradoxical as the conclusion may sound, there are few places more strikingly picturesque in the artistic sense of the word, and fewer of such limited extent, that have risen to such high political and historical importance.

Malta is one of the very few islands in the Mediterranean which are not mountainous, or composed of one single mountain; it has, therefore, no natural feature which, in the absence of its artificial embellishments, and of its peculiar and industrious population, could attract the traveller coming from either the east or the west. Yet tame and monotonous as it may ap-

pear to the mere naturalist, or the hardy wanderer fresh from an exciting town in Spain and Portugal, in the Alps and Italy, in Turkey or in Egypt, Malta is not without great charms for those who consider that scenery without life furnishes but dry bones to art, and that character, without which even art is but a dead representation, may exist in any portion of the globe to which man and his works have adapted themselves; that is, in any condition, whether more or less civilized, to which the natural progress and development of his circumstances and resources have led him. For in highly, nay, over-civilized communities, such as are gaining ground in the world at present, man is fast becoming a mere thing of artifice and imitation.

The summer having now fairly set in, and the weather becoming consequently too hot to travel, or even to sail agreeably, the duke wisely determined to rest at Malta until the time should come when he could safely take his wife to Egypt for the winter. He was sure to find at Valetta good lodging and society, besides many resources which are only accessible in that metropolis of the Mediterranean. Cornelia required tranquillity and absence from the sun, as far as it

could be procured; the duke, who had previously visited Malta, was acquainted with the governor, and some of the principal officers, both naval and military, and found daily interest in the ever-changing scene which the bustling activity of Malta offers to a stranger.

Once comfortably established in a large and airy palace, overlooking the great harbour, Cornelia thought it necessary to revolve in her own mind, a little more seriously than she had done, the plan to be pursued in the education of her little orphan protégé. The first thing to be done was to have him properly baptized, and registered as an English-born child, which was forthwith done under the name of Nicholas .... She would, perhaps, have preferred some other name, and would have given her husband's; but for the first time in her life she felt her courage fail her. She had a secret misgiving that it would not please him; she thought that some sort of objection, she knew not what, might be taken to it; in short, she was not too wise to sum up all her private and causeless hesitations in the word "unlucky." She thought it would not do—and perhaps she thought she might have another still dearer and nearer object to herself, for which she might one day claim,

without chance of refusal, her husband's christian name. But she asked, and easily obtained his promise, to stand godfather to the child; whom he really began to like, for his bold and sturdy port and fearless demeanour. The boy, however, did not readily accept the duke's kindness—he was shy, and averse to play with him, though not absolutely untameable. To the duchess he was all softness and affection; he seemed to know, or, what was still better, to feel, that there was the heart that had saved him from destruction—there was the kind mother who had looked to him when unconscious of his fate, and to whom he might ever look for comfort and consolation. Infant as he still was, thoughts such as these had not yet dawned upon his unawakened mind; but in after days he knew and acknowledged to whom he was indebted for preservation. But still, when he had got over his early repulsion from the duke, Nicholas always felt that he had owed no care, no protection to him; and that but for the kind, true, woman's heart of his wife, he might have perished with his ill-fated mother. The duchess repaid the child's instinctive but most sincere affection with a degree of love that produced its usual effect. The boy, by degrees, became in plain words a

spoilt child: a consequence which perhaps more often befalls a protégé than even the own child of a mother: because the very fact of taking up a strange child is in itself a stretch, an excess of love, or of compassion, the bias of which continues through life, while in regard to her own child, a mother's love can never be in excess, and is therefore more likely to be under the constant guidance of reason.

Among the varied society which one is always sure to find in Malta, a colony which has become by its geographical position the rendezvous of Englishmen from every part of our service, and of foreigners from a great portion of the whole world, it is common to meet with artists, physicians, and scientific travellers on their way to and from the East, or from Italy, Turkey, or Africa. Malta is so convenient a centre of business for persons of all descriptions, from the highest ranks of naval and military service to the petty trader of the Levant, that it is resorted to from all the south of Europe by those who wish to connect themselves with, or to profit by, the advantages of an English community. There were at this period in Valetta several young men travelling as artists, both for the purpose of study, or

rather of collecting materials for future study in their career; and there was no want of real, or would be, scientific travellers, medical, chirurgical, mineralogical, and others, ready to offer their services to a family like that of the Duke of Tintagel.

Cornelia, who interested herself much in every branch of the fine arts, and was not indifferent to science, admitted some of these persons to her small circle. Both she and her husband looked forward with some anxiety, though not without greater pleasure, to the prospect of their intended journey in Egypt: both knew the difficulties they could not fail to encounter in some parts of their tour, whether from the nature of the country, or from the climate.

They thought it advisable, therefore, to engage for the remainder of their travels, the services of a Scotch physician, Dr. Archibald M'Leod, who had previously resided some years in the East in a medical capacity, attached to a factory of European merchants, and was well acquainted with the peculiarities of the fine, but treacherous climates of Turkey and Arabia. He had begun his career in the navy, and was therefore calculated to be as useful in case

of illness on board the yacht as in the journey on shore: he had, during his years of naval service, been in far distant parts of the world, and with some eccentricities, not incompatible with a kind heart and earnest desire to be useful, possessed a large fund of anecdote and information, which rendered him an agreeable member of society.

Another addition to their party which the duke contemplated, was that of taking with them some artist, no matter of what nation, but of general if not finished acquirements. In travels into those countries in which objects of ancient art, or the less known features of nature are to be discovered and enjoyed, it is more useful to have the talent of rapid and correct sketching than of skilful colouring or composition. The cleverest grouper of costumes is often unable to draw the remains of antiquity correctly; while the most exact and mathematical copier of antiques has not the picturesque eye or taste requisite to give truth to the scenery wherein his ruins are placed, or life to the figures with which his drawings are to be peopled. In the present age, it is with the arts as with many other accomplishments—genius, and even laborious perfection is not to

be expected in all: but the precision which modern taste requires in all branches of art and science, independently of the extent to which they may be followed out, makes it impossible for mere smatterers to obtain success.

The duke was fortunate in finding among the numerous German and Swiss artists that visit Malta annually as a completion to their indispensable wandering through Italy and Sicily, a Bavarian named Herman Mayer, who very nearly answered this description. He was a young man, now travelling for the first time, well grounded in all the elements of his profession, and from taste as well as from a conviction of its future utility to himself, studying the commencements of every possible branch of drawing. He knew that an eye for colour was more in favour of a painter than the highest finish: that quickness in mastering proportions, or seizing the true flexure of curvel lines, is a rarer quality than that of copying patterns: he judged that, though no naturalist, his hand was well exercised in trying to gain the power of truly expressing the stratification and fracture of rocks, the foliage and character of trees, the faithful representation and

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habit of a flower, of a butterfly, a fish, a shell, or a mineral. His acquired Italian taste enabled him to draw figures, sculpture, medals; his previous studies at home, had led him more to nature and still life. In all, he exhibited German earnestness exempt from Dutch minuteness.

With some differences, there were yet some points of contact between the painter and the physician: points of contact rather than resemblance. The talents of the one were likely to gain something from the experience of the other, while both profited by the mutual exercise of mind. Mayer was much the younger of the two, not too young to learn, or, which is a different thing, to be willing to learn; the doctor was never so happy as when describing his adventures in the South Seas, or recommending his young friend, if other trades should fail, to try historical painting in California.

The summer months rolled quietly but rapidly away, while our party enjoyed the luxurious climate of Malta. The heat in July is nearly tropical, but is to a certain degree compensated by the delightful freshness of the early morning, and the splendour of the nights. On some days. the temperature was moderated by the Tramon-

tana, under whose healthful influence Cornelia was able to make several short excursions on the island; and on calmer days, when the heat from some unassignable cause (as happens in a Mediterranean summer) fell several degrees, a boat was frequently put in requisition. On these occasions, they were usually attended by some of their naval acquaintances.

There could scarcely be a more delightful picture than their evening society: Cornelia usually rested after the fatigues of the day upon a sofa, placed on a broad terrace overlooking the placid waters of the great harbour. Here she noted her observations in her journal, finished the sketch of the morning, assisted by the counsel of Mayer, or listened to the small conversation of one or two Sicilian ladies, who sat raising and dropping their large fans after their fashion by her side. The duke generally preferred walking up and down the terrace by moonlight, talking to some officer or traveller, who gladly frequented the society of such a family. Nicholas was brought in to play with the cushions, to receive bonbons and kisses, and finally to be taken off by his worthy nurse with rather noisy expressions of regret.

The terrace before the windows was broad, and partly covered by a broad striped blue and white awning—beyond it were orange-trees, and various other fragrant and splendid flowers, which add to the natural luxuries of that favoured climate. In a small garden below, formed in a corner between the palace and wall, which joined the nearest part of the embattled rampart, was a group of tall oleanders, surrounding a taller pomegranate-tree, whose scarlet blossoms were daily unfolded to the view. The little paradise was backed by a trellised walk of small extent ending in an arbour, and covered with the finest Muscat grapes, which hung down overhead, while their stems were concealed by the low hedge of Arabian jessamine, the perfume of which contended even with that of the orange-trees. The walls were hung with long festoons of the large and fragrant night flowering-cactus, and other gorgeous productions of hotter countries, which now embellish the once bare rock of Malta. Some few vases and pieces of sculpture completed the ornaments of the scene.

Music frequently added its charms, either in the shape of the country guitar, or in the voice of the naturally musical Mayer.

In the neighbourhood of Valetta there are two delightful gardens, to which in the fine summer evenings the best company of the city resort, for the purpose of enjoying the breeze. Seated under the shady orange-trees, they remain till the rising star or the distant Ave Maria warn them that it is time to return home. The duke and duchess often repaired to the groves of Floriana, or St. Antonio, where they were joined by persons of their society, who afterwards accompanied them either to the opera, or, if the fineness of the night had tempted them to stay out late, to their own house to sup. Cool drinks made of the high flavoured citron, as different from London lemonade as light from darkness, or water melon ice, made as Sicilians only can make it, were the characteristic luxuries of the repast.

On one of these occasions, when they had stayed out longer than usual to observe the falling stars, whose brilliancy in that climate is remarkable, the dew and night air being rather more fresh than usual, the duke, after tenderly wrapping his wife in her ample Maltese cloak, and telling her to drive quickly home to avoid the night air, said that he should himself pre-

fer to escape the chill by walking, and that he would join her circle in half an hour.

The walk the duke must return home by, led him of necessity near the ramparts, round a considerable part of which he must pass to reach his own house, as a shorter walk, open in the daytime, was closed at that hour. The duchess's carriage was obliged to make a still longer circuit.

The duke was accompanied by an English officer of the garrison, who walked with him as far as the gate of Valetta, and then after wishing him good-night, retired to his quarters.

In the towns of southern Europe, though half of their population is abroad during the best part of a summer's night, it is only about the public places, the cafés, the promenades, that there is a throng of people. At that hour it is not business but pleasure, or at least recreation, that draws people together; and in consequence, though some squares and streets are crowded and noisy, other parts of the town are left in the deepest silence and solitude. In the fortified towns particularly, where there are of course large uninhabited spaces, and miles of blank wall, as in Malta, where batteries rise in

terrace above terrace all round the city, these desolate parts are specially avoided at night except by those whose business obliges them to pass that way, or by others who lie in wait for them.

CHAPTER III.

Like as a ship that thro' the ocean wide
  Directs her course unto one certain coast,
Is met of many a counterwind and tide
  With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she herself in stormy surges tost;
  Yet making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, nor hath her compass lost:
  Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Where course is often stay'd, yet never is astray.

SPENSER.

But that fair lamp from whose celestial ray
  That light proceeds which kindleth love's fire,
Shall never be extinguish'd nor decay;
  But when the vital spirits do expire,
  Unto her native planet shall retire.

IBID.

THE twilight, as usual in all southern countries, began to close in rapidly, and night was quickly approaching, when the duke reached a turn in the rampart which led him into a platform on the top of a long flight of steps, a spot well known to be the rendezvous of all sorts of idle people. He was not surprised, therefore, to see two or three groups engaged in various

conversation, but walked on. One figure, standing alone, arrested his attention. He was already near enough to distinguish, by the shape of his dress, that he was a priest; but there was something in his air and attitude unlike the dignity or repose characteristic of a sacred calling, and which at once showed that the wearer of the gown had not been always a churchman. His lounging position, now leaning over the parapet, now turning with the restless activity of a man more used to some secular profession than to the priesthood, was in perfect contrast to the demure bearing of two Maltese priests who happened to pass him, without notice or recognition, at the moment when the duke was first struck by his appearance.

On the duke's passing near him, and involuntarily casting a rapid glance at his physiognomy, the priest quickly stepped forward, and looking at him for a moment, with that hard and unflinching stare that most of the less refined natives of the south are in the habit of fixing on a stranger, exclaimed in a voice between loud and low, but not soft, "Milordo!"

The duke recognised him almost immediately for a person whom he had well known some years before, and in another country. The

duke was at first much agitated at seeing this person, but, recovering himself, addressed him as Signor Mavrosceni.—"Ah! said the man, call me no more by that name, I beg, Eccellenza; now I am known only as Padre Silvestro, which is the name I have taken in religion."

The duke did not appear to be sorry to have met with the now reverend Padre Silvestro; on the contrary, he continued to walk up and down the platform, which was now nearly deserted, by his side for some time. They had a long and earnest conversation. The duke seemed to be for ever questioning his companion about some matters of the highest interest to him; the other, though replying with apparent readiness, and great verbosity, was continually breaking out into exclamations of surprise, that the Signor Duca was not informed, or that he should not have learnt something, on the knowledge of which it seemed depended the whole subject of their discussion.

It had now grown dark, that is, as dark as it usually is in the brilliant starlight of the Mediterranean: the two speakers paused; they had evidently arrived at the end of the subject-matter of their discourse, and, after a profound obeisance on the part of the priest, and a dis-

tant acknowledgment on that of the duke, they separated.

The duchess, in the meanwhile, had been waiting, rather surprised than impatient, for the return of her husband. She was not alone; some ladies had, according to the custom of Malta, joined her evening circle soon after her return from the drive; and she supposed that the duke might have met some officers on the ramparts, and that they would come home together. After remaining some time longer in suspense, and after many gentlemen of their acquaintance had come and gone from her salon, Cornelia felt her anxiety every moment increasing, when the door opened, and the duke entered alone, evidently heated by the haste with which he had walked, and to all appearance agitated by something that had occurred.

His wife had tact enough to conceal her observations; but some of the party were so much struck with the change in his manner from what it had been but a few hours before, that the duke had to answer not a few enquiries, and to receive many friendly cautions from the old residents, as to the necessity of not trifling with a treacherous climate, to

some sudden effect of which they attributed his lassitude and abstraction. This was so apparent, that though habitual courtesy led him to reply to all the officious questions and advice that was tendered from all quarters, his answers were given with so little of his usual warmth of manner, that they seemed hardly to express a meaning.

Cornelia was suddenly struck with the idea that her husband must have taken the fever: for, as all travellers in the south well know, there is no part of the Mediterranean, however healthy it may be reputed, that has not its fever, more or less intense, in reserve for strangers, especially such as expose themselves in the hot weather. As soon, therefore, as all the company were gone, she eagerly inquired if he was ill, or if any thing had happened in his late walk to disturb or affect him. To her infinite surprise, he answered coldly, that nothing was the matter; and when Cornelia, now seriously alarmed, pressed him, he returned at first only monosyllables, and at last nothing. Convinced that this depression of spirits could be only the low fit preceding a fever, she sent without loss of time for Dr. M'Leod, who was still living in his own lodg-

ing, and was to join them only at the time of their actual departure from Valetta. The doctor smiled good-naturedly at the anxiety of the young bride; but, on seeing his patient, pronounced his sudden indisposition the result of a feverish cold, requiring both caution and promptitude in its treatment in this southern climate; but this slight attack of illness soon passed away, and it proved to be only one of those not uncommon effects of a warm atmosphere, which are easily thrown off by an English constitution. Cornelia's anxiety, however, was doomed to be prolonged by one circumstance, and that, to her, no trifling one: her husband's temper was visibly altered, and his usual cheerfulness gave way before a tendency to silence and melancholy, to which he had been hitherto a stranger. Both now looked forward to the day of their approaching departure from Malta with pleasure.

Padre Silvestro called often on the duke, with whom he was long closeted alone. Cornelia saw him once, and conceived a great disgust at his forward yet cringing manners, as little prepossessing in society as suitable to a clergyman. She thought the duke's business with him was probably connected with their

intended Eastern travels, for which, as an Armenian, he might have useful information to offer. Their plans and projects for the voyage to Egypt and up the Nile, were now the all-engrossing subject of their daily conversation; and it was fixed, that as soon as the weather became perceptibly cooler in September, the yacht should sail for Alexandria.

The day at length arrived. Dr. M'Leod having for the last week duly reported the falling average of the thermometer (though the heat was still powerful enough to be annoying during part of the day), the order was given, and the duke and duchess, with the doctor, the painter, the stout and scrambling Nicholas, whose brown complexion withstood the southern sun as if he had been a native, and his two nurses, as the worthy pilot and his wife might well be called, and the rest of their suite, embarked on board the Ringdove, in the great harbour of Valetta. It was near sunset, and the moon, already risen, promised a fine night to the gallant vessel, as she spread her canvass to the growing force of the land-breeze, which slowly bore her out into the open sea.

Whatever may have been the feelings of the rest of the party, Cornelia certainly left Malta

with regret. It was the first season of married life, the first specimen of existence in a totally new scene and country. She had been well received, as might have been expected, and had generally pleased in all the society she had met with in Malta. The pleasures of a warm climate, in a civilized country, with health, friends, and cultivated tastes and habits of employment, particularly when external objects contribute, either by their own nature or by historical association, to the interest of the place, are perhaps the greatest enjoyment life can afford.

It was a work of no little time to settle the party comfortably on board, after so many months spent on shore; and it so happened that their voyage to Alexandria was slow, as is usual in the summer months. In return, the calm weather allowed them plenty of time for observation, and the devious course of the Ringdove brought them in sight of many a famous shore.

After losing sight of Malta, and getting a distant view of the coast of Africa, they were driven by a sirocco of three or four days to the coast of Candia. While drifting leisurely down its southern shore, and admiring its lofty

mountains, still covered with the snows of winter, in spite of the full summer's sun of the Mediterranean, a dispute arose between the doctor and the painter, as to the claims of Mount Ida, towering above the rest, to be the birthplace of Jove or not.

To those who have seen the Cretan Ida supreme among the snowy range which forms the backbone of the island, it will be difficult to imagine any mountain throne more sublime, or more appropriate to Jupiter, than the snowy crest which braves the heat of a summer solstice in that latitude. The azure sea is seen washing almost its base, between which and the rocky sides of the mountain, intervene only a few miles of rising and broken country, covered with the luxuriant vegetation of the Greek islands; the lowlands are strewn with remains of ancient cities, and the remains of the earliest, and, in some respects, finest civilization of mankind; this island in history, climate, scenery, and nature, is a worthy claimant of the classical honour of having been the cradle of the king of gods and men.

The painter, as might be well imagined, was entirely for the claims of the Cretan Ida: the doctor, on the contrary, whose imagination was

less than his learning, and whose learning was always greater in his own study than on the actual spot consecrated by the greatest historical events, maintained that there were other Idas in Greece, and one near Troy, which had a greater claim to the honourable distinction than this of Crete. "For," said he, "Troy was a famous city: is it not likely that the most famous mountain should be near the city of Priam and Hector?" The painter was obstinate in maintaining his side of the question; no mountain was ever so picturesque as the Cretan Ida, and he looked no deeper than his taste for the picturesque for the solution of every problem.

The starlight evenings, when they usually sat on deck, passed in these and similar friendly discussions, to which a heavy lurch of the ship, or the more welcome bell to supper, generally put an end. At length the adverse, though gentle winds, carried them near Cyprus, from whence, with a more favouring gale, they made a speedy run to Alexandria.

CHAPTER IV.

Beneath this starry arch
Naught resteth, or is still;
But all things hold their march,
As if by one great will.
Moves one, move all,
Hark to the footfall,
On, on, for ever!

Yon sheaves were once but seed,
Will ripens into deed,
As eave-drops swell the streams,
Day thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song.
On, on, for ever.

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper, and go by;
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all,
Hark to the footfall,
On, on, for ever.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

MANY trivial observations might be made, and many doubtless have been made, on the feelings and impressions experienced by even the commonest minds on setting foot for the first time on a foreign shore: but there is

something so new, and strange, in the sensation of first landing in a truly Oriental country after having lately quitted the gay and busy life of Europe, that it strikes less by the force of change, than by the totally unexpected nature of that change.

Great change and great surprise may be experienced in travelling from one country of Europe to another, or from Europe to any distant colony where the contrast of climate and nature may be as strong, nay, far stronger than between Malta and Egypt; but the feeling that makes the strongest impression upon entering a country where new associations of people, of history, of religion and manners, force themselves every moment upon the mind, is that of amazement that one can have lived so long in total ignorance of so much of one's fellow-creatures and their modes of life. Nor does this feeling quickly subside; for the differences between Europe and the East, between Christians and Mussulmen, between the country out of doors, and the life in-doors, in Christendom and Islam, are too great to be easily got over, or to be softened but by habit.

The voyage from Malta to Egypt is precisely one of those transitions in which all settled

European feelings and habits are most violently met by a necessity of accommodating themselves to others totally opposed to them. The passage from Valetta to Alexandria takes not many days, even without steam; a perfectly European town (after the manner of the South) is left behind with all its Christian exterior and associations, its Italian religion and buildings, its English soldiers and sailors, its French fashions, and its medley of traders and travellers from all parts of our restless Europe, to be exchanged for the primitive life, the simplicity of manners, and for the general monotony, but occasionally startling novelty, of the East.

At sea, every thing goes on so habitually in the same manner, that one may sail half round the globe without feeling the real absence from home until landing in a new country. You carry your house, your bed, your dinner, your servants about with you, and only feel the reality of your voyage when for the first time a lodger in some uncomfortable hotel on shore.

On entering the port of Alexandria, the Arab vessels, and still more the Arab sailors, the distant minarets, and the turbaned population on the quay, the sunburnt faces of the descendants of the Pharaohs, the great number of

date palms, and the total absence of women, the blank walls, sandy streets, melancholy-looking houses—all combine to remind the European that he is in a new quarter of the globe: almost in a new world.

Such was the country of which the party of the Ringdove were to be inhabitants for the next five or six months.

The two or three days succeeding their landing were employed in such necessary arrangements as all yacht voyagers, and especially all Eastern and Egyptian travellers, will easily understand. The doctor, who, as he said of himself, was never so much at home as when he was in a strange place, immediately set out to provide the requisites first for the short journey to Cairo, and then for their voyage up the Nile. The painter, far from being as usefully employed, hastened to sketch the comparatively modern remains and uninteresting scenery of the neighbourhood of Alexandria. The needful season of repose and of preparation for all having elapsed, they lost no time in proceeding to Cairo; there to await the rising of the inundation, which was to allow them to ascend the Nile to the very borders of Ethiopia.

The summer, or rather the autumnal heats,

having subsided, Cornelia was enabled to enjoy the novel sight of one of the finest and most interesting of Oriental cities (for such Cairo undoubtedly is), in as much comfort as a woman and a foreigner can do. She was every where attended by the learned Dr. M'Leod, who was unremitting in his zeal and assiduity.

Her husband also seemed to recover his spirits with the excitement of new objects of interest, and seemed, while accompanying his wife, to have lost all traces of the passing cloud which had obscured his last days at Malta. He took the greatest pleasure in procuring for Cornelia the information which her constantly increasing interest in the country, and the people who surrounded her, made her desirous of; he studied the history of the various revolutions which that remarkable land has undergone; and, being himself of a curious and investigating mind, he sought all the sources of explanation which his wife's eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge, made indispensable to her inquiries.

According to the usual practice of travellers in Egypt, they resolved to make the best of their way by boating up the Nile, without losing time in stopping to visit any thing on its banks until their return. By these means, the furthest

point is reached as soon as possible; the most southern, and consequently the hottest, climate is encountered in the middle, and therefore the coolest part of the winter; while, on the return, having the current always favourable, it is easy to halt whenever it may be desirable, and time may be commanded, as far as the season will permit.

Leaving the Pyramids behind them with regret, the party left Cairo on a brilliant autumnal morning in a large and commodious *dahabie*, provided with every practical luxury and convenience by the care of Luigi, who, having been more than once in Egypt before, was quite master of the science of Eastern travelling, and, what is more, of making it as comfortable as possible for English lords and ladies.

Once fairly on the blue waters of the Nile, the party by degrees settled into that sort of daily round of occupation which was to employ them for many weeks which they were to pass in company. The first things that every body looks at, or for, in Egypt, are the Pyramids on shore, and crocodiles in the Nile; and as there was no doubt about seeing the former, the energies of every individual of the party were directed towards discovering the latter. At every halt they made, the doctor went on shore

with his apparatus of philosophical instruments, of which he had a large box-full, to take observations, or to collect specimens—and, of course, to look out for crocodiles. Mayer, who could not sketch, like an English traveller, with a neat and portable drawing-book always at hand, and ready to consign to paper the small groups, the characteristic objects, and passing effects which form the picturesque idea of a country, and its features and colouring,—always encumbered himself with a rather heavy portfolio, camp-stool, and stand to draw on, as if studying in the galleries of Dresden, or Florence. His brown casquette, his blouse, his leathern belt and strap, were all in the most approved artistic costume, and were far more appropriate to the café Greco than to the sands and climate of Upper Egypt. Yet, day after day, with true German pertinacity, he set to work in the same way, and by toiling early and late while on shore, and working his sketches over again when in the boat, he accomplished a great deal, and nearly worked himself into a fever at the same time.

In the evening, when they all assembled at supper in the boat, the observations made by these different characters on their respective

researches and occupations during the day, were a constant fund of interest and amusement until fatigue compelled them to repose.

They reached the cataracts the last day of the year, and determined to spend the New-Year's day as a day of rest and contemplation, on this, the furthest point of their peregrinations.

Choosing, therefore, an elevated spot on the summit of a bluff or headland, from whence they could command the most complete view of this (to speak in an historical sense) most ancient of rivers, they pitched their tent under a wall of rock which protected it from the prevailing wind, while it did not intercept the prospect of the yellow desert in the distance, nor of the foaming rapids below.

It has often been observed how much the presence of water, and more particularly running water, even on a small scale, serves to enliven, and, in some degree, to supply the place of human beings in a landscape. The sparkling light reflected from even a calm surface, the slightest ripple when agitated by the breeze, gives an idea of life and motion which seems like company, and the most inobtrusive of company, to one who is alone. Still more

is this the case, when the water is a foaming cataract, or a noble river, and beneath the sun of Egypt. The cheerfulness, it might almost be called the society, of murmuring fountains, or dashing waves in a tropical country, is a counterpart to that inspired by a blazing fire at an English Christmas.

One memorable day and two most brilliant nights were spent in pure enjoyment of the tropical climate, and in taking a last view of the distant regions stretching towards the sunny south. Before sunrise, they were on the march to some ruins in the desert, in which the doctor, the antiquary of the party, expected to find inscriptions calculated to throw light on the early connection between Egypt and Ethiopia, as being nearly upon what he considered the ancient frontier between the two countries. Intent upon this object, he had started a little before his companions, with a hard biscuit in his pocket for a breakfast, and all the necessary instruments for measuring and copying the expected hieroglyphics. Enthusiastic in his pursuit, he thought not of the jackals, nor the hyænas, that prowl about the ruins at the dawn of day, if not with the intention, at least with the inclination, should opportunity offer, of

breakfasting on the first well-fed European that comes across their path. He was standing near an angle of the ruined building, looking up at a fine frieze composed of Egyptian bas-reliefs, combined with some intricate hieroglyphic characters, which a few minutes more of the clear, light-blue daylight would enable him to read with correctness, when a shrill, child-like cry, issuing from the very stones, startled him beyond measure.

The doctor looked about him, but saw nothing. After a time, gaining a little confidence, he proceeded with his work, and with diligence took off with his apparatus of tracing paper, &c., some, as he thought, invaluable lines of smaller inscriptions near his feet. Again, the cry sounded in his ears nearer than before. Alarmed, he let drop his papers, rushed round the corner of the ruin, and beheld a savage wolf-like animal grinning at him, and every minute moving a step nearer, while it uttered a low but hoarse bark; he instantly comprehended it to be a hyæna. Swiftly turning back, he beheld a jackal, whose cries he had heard, now busy in destroying his papers in the evident hope of finding something for his morning's meal.

To see this crowning disaster, to utter a scream of despair, and to fly ignominiously, if discreetly, from the fatal spot, was the work of an instant. Leaving his treasures to their fate, he began running, or rather wading, as he best might, across or through the deep sand of the desert, where the wild beasts, had they been so minded, might have come up with, and attacked him with the greatest ease. A hundred yards from the ill-omened building he met Mayer, who had paused in the sand for the purpose of colouring a sunrise in the desert on the spot. The artist, who was preparing in all haste to dash in with colours the evanescent tints of a tropical dawn, was exceedingly put out by the speedy retreat of his comrade, without hat, umbrella, or any of his usual scientific paraphernalia. He attempted to stop him, calling out at the top of his voice, "Wohin? mein Herr, wohin?" The doctor ran rapidly by him without giving an answer; and Mayer, shouting out, "So, Herr Doctor, sage mal was ixt gescheden?" thought it wiser, on perceiving symptoms of movement among the uins, to gather up his own appurtenances, and follow in the wake of the doctor. Running in Africa is not such cool and pleasant exercise,

even in winter, as it might be at Christmas in England, and the two arrived panting for breath, and fainting with heat and exertion, at the tent which they had left on the brow of the cliff: Dr. M'Leod, full of vexation and disappointment at the loss of his treasures, instruments, and observations that were to be, and the painter provoked with himself for giving way to a panic he felt ashamed of. Both believed there were dangers, but neither could give an account of them.

The duke and duchess questioned both minutely, as they themselves intended in the cool of the evening to make an excursion to the ruins, and were more apprehensive of Bedouins than of wild beasts in that locality.

The day passed tranquilly under shade of the tent, from the door of which a magnificent view of the blue waters, backed by the Libyan mountains, was visible. The fantastic rocks which here and there break the cataract, or the rapids above and below the principal fall of the Nile, stood out in gloomy darkness, unbrightened by the full glare of the noonday sun. The windings of the river, in many places interrupted by islands, stretched far away into the plains of Nubia: blue when looked down

upon from the lofty rock, its waters became as a string of silver traced by its bright reflection through the seemingly endless distance. The fringe of dark green palms which bordered its sandy shores formed a rich edging to the gay verdure of the lately inundated fields, whose crops of rice and other grain were beginning to show their most brilliant verdure.

The boatmen and servants were partly resting, or employed in the boat at the foot of the cliff, partly in a second tent pitched almost close to that of the master's. Most of the party, however, were enjoying the siesta, to prepare for the evening's excursion.

About an hour before sunset, they departed in cavalcade, horses, camels, mules, and donkeys, having been eagerly thrust upon them by the villagers, and after a time somewhat longer than the doctor's morning run had required, they found themselves at the ruins.

Great was the doctor's dismay to find his instruments broken or upset, his papers, some torn, but mostly wanting. The duke gravely asked him whether he feared they had fallen into more scientific hands than his own: when the doctor, turning to one of the Arabs, asked, through their interpreter, if it were not most

likely the work of a lion? The dark man smiled with an expression ineffably satirical as he silently pointed to a small animal slily turning the corner, and instantly out of sight. "C'est un schakal! c'est un schakal, Milord!" exclaimed the triumphant Mayer, overjoyed to find his learned friend so completely taken in by his fears as to have mistaken the cry of a jackal for the roaring of a lion. As his other enemy, the grinning hyæna, did not make a second appearance, his repeated assertions of the terrific eyes and bloodthirsty countenance of that intruder met with the reception usually given to tales bordering on the fabulous.

After collecting as well as they could the fragments of the doctor's property, which the animals seemed to have taken special care to disperse as widely as possible among the ruins, the party returned to their tent, lit by a superb tropical moon across the desert. In those climates moonlight is impressive, not because it merely makes darkness visible, but because it illuminates the landscape with a degree of brilliancy just so far inferior to that of day, showing the life that exists throughout the night in the true and proper colours belonging to that tranquil but not inanimate period.

The splendour of the stars reflected in the calm bosom of the river, the clear blue-black vault from out which they shone, the distant cries of animals, and the nearer hum of insects or flutter of night-birds, the thought that, however dangerous to man, the vast deserts of Africa, from Egypt to Caffraria, were yet teeming with life, and bright with a natural beauty of their own,—all this gave a sublimity to the ideas that arose in the gentle but enthusiastic mind of Cornelia, which disposed her to meditation and to silence.

The next morning they began their downward voyage upon the river. The plan now to be pursued was different from that in ascending the stream: then they were anxious to reach their furthest goal as soon as possible; now they would descend rapidly with the current in their favour, and stop as often as any famous temple, or remarkable site (which they had well noted on their way up), should tempt them to do so. It was with great regret that they turned back from this their nearest approach to the regions of the sun; but the necessity for travelling in Palestine before summer should have set in, was imperative: and the duchess, unused to the climate and the mode of life,

though she enjoyed it at the time, began to have misgivings, that so large a party could hardly hope to escape entirely without illness in the long journey they had before them. The duke had been apparently better ever since they had left Alexandria; but she could not recollect how much he had suffered from his agitation at Malta, not to feel an anxiety about her husband, to which she had been hitherto a stranger.

Nor was it for him alone that her forebodings were sometimes of a gloomy cast: the little boy, Nicholas, came in for his share of her silent thoughts: the trial of such a climate is great for a child, particularly if the time be passed, as it was now likely to be, in constant travel. Cornelia was now more than ever attached to her little protégé, and he repaid her care with the most boisterous proofs of sincere infantine affection. But with nobody else was the boy even manageable, though all liked him as a playfellow, in spite of his rather quick alternations of temper.

The regret felt by every one on turning back from any enterprise, had its share in making the first few miles of their downward passage rather less cheerful than usual; but after stopping to visit the great remains of Kalabshee,

and admiring the bold river scenery between that point and Philæ, they resolved to halt a full day at the latter place, and to make a full investigation of its venerable temples. The duke had formerly expressed a particular interest in these temples, and Cornelia hoped that the curiosity which they would excite, might rouse her husband from his evidently increasing melancholy. The boat arrived off Philæ late in the evening, by a splendid moonlight, perhaps the most imposing of all circumstances under which the relics of such remote and historically obscure antiquity can be viewed, especially for the first time.

While the more sober-minded Dr. M'Leod had prudently retired to rest, deferring his fatigues and his curiosity to a reasonable time after breakfast the next morning, when jackals and hyænas should have fled from the light of day, the impassioned and enthusiastic German, yielding to a constitutional impatience in every thing which concerned the arts, or which spoke to the imagination, resolved to make his first drawing of these venerable ruins by moonlight, while animated by his first impressions. No sooner, therefore, had the boat touched the shore, than he sprang forward with pencils and

portfolio to sketch the groups of building in the mass, under the effects of light and shade, just as they present themselves in approaching them from the water side. Fearless of jackals, or of the worse dangers of the needy Arabs who frequent the dilapidated temples, he proceeded at once to the propylon; and his tall, rather ungainly figure, was soon lost in the deep shadows of those colossal gateways. Whether he lost himself in the intricacies of the building, or found a better bed on the sand than in his cabin on board, he did not make his appearance at the boat until the next morning.

The temples and other buildings at Philæ are certainly confused and irregular enough to be a complete labyrinth to a stranger even at noonday; what they are at night, under the rays of a sinking moon, may be easily imagined. Mayer, who was too much a philosopher to be superstitious, but still German enough to be mysterious, chose to be very reserved about this adventure. He was closely questioned on his appearance at breakfast in the boat next morning, but would give no account of himself save that he professed to have gained more insight into the depths of the idea of Egyptian art and religion by this one night's lodging in

the temples of Philæ, than he had done by the most laborious study of the highest antiquarian authorities.

Dr. M'Leod slily enquired whether Isis or Osiris had visited the student during the night, and was forced to put up with a look in reply, which made him averse to asking further questions.

Mayer had certainly not been idle. He produced a number of roughly shaded, but clever sketches; and, little as he could have seen of the beauties of the place, he proved a useful guide in going over the ruins by the light of day.

The sun rose with its usual splendour when, the next morning, the whole party, preceded or followed by the never-failing escort of guides, Arabs, fellahs, and beggars of all races, took their way to the far-famed temples of Philæ. And here the previous visit of the artist proved of great service to them; for he led them at once to the points of greatest effect, and saved a vast loss of time in examining the outskirts of the Temple, instead of proceeding to the more wonderful recesses within.

No style of art strikes the mind with such deep impressions of surprise and admiration as

that of the ancient Egyptians. In the remains of early Indian antiquity there is much to surprise, especially in the rock and cave temples, but little to admire: beauty has no place beside barbarism. In the finished works of the Greeks, again, there is every thing to admire; but their very perfection implies so advanced a state of science, as well as of art, that it rather lessens, or more properly overcomes, the sensation of wonder, at any thing which so gifted a people could undertake.

The arts of Egypt, however, seem to hold a middle place: retaining, as they do, much of the grandeur of the earliest works of civilized man, they excel at the same time in the finish with which those works have been executed: and they combine, in a way that no other country can exhibit, the sublimity of conception belonging to all the vast labours of the great Asiatic monarchies with a sense of beauty in form, and of dignity in expression, which belong to both the period which preceded, and to that which followed them.

While they were seated in the shade of one of the colossal pillars of the temple, and gazing with all the mingled feelings of awe and delight at the stupendous scene before them, an animated

discussion began between the artist and the doctor as to the truth of physiognomy in the favourite type of the Egyptian countenance.

"It is, it must be ideal," said Mayer—"no human form was ever so dignified, so exalted in its beauty."

"On the contrary," said Dr. M'Leod, "I maintain that the peculiarity of the features is such that no sculptor, whatever might be his talent, could imagine such a combination without having found it, not in an individual, but in a nation. Depend upon it, it was either the national type of the Egyptian countenance anatomically, and if you please artistically copied; but I cannot believe that, highly as you are pleased to rate the force of genius, such marked physiognomy can be the fruit of study or imagination."

"If you will," replied Mayer, "that these heavenly faces must be the copy of some physical type, they surely are taken from the demigods who walked on earth, or from the heaven-born Ethiopians, that illustrious race who held a rank between gods and men, of whom unfortunately we know so little, but what we do know is so poetical."

"And so incredible," said the Doctor. "Look

up at these towering figures, and you will see the eye and brow of the Asiatic, the forehead and nose of the European, the mouth and lips of the African, cleverly united, fused together, as it were, with great skill, and animated, I will admit, with a life and soul inspired by the highest art—but that is not invention, my dear Sir," cried the Doctor raising his voice, "that man must have had a physical adviser ere he could combine such various features, a practically experienced surgeon for instance"—Here the Duke, Cornelia, and Mayer, could no longer resist the temptation to laugh at the good doctor's professional enthusiasm, and having sufficiently rested themselves, made haste to explore the remainder of the ruined buildings.

Certainly if labour and expense, as testified in their monuments, be a proof of sincerity in religion, never has there been a people who seem to have given themselves with greater fervour than the Egyptians to the service of their gods. And this deep devotion to a cause, no matter what, satisfies a great portion of mankind that it is religion they are working for, and not a mere object or impulse of the mind. One sees the same process even in our days, when the pursuit of learning, of philosophy, or

of some great political object, is to many men the only moving power by which their exertions are directed, or for which sacrifices are made or self-denial exercised. In the days of Sesostris the high vocation of man might be mistaken, and not without excuse,—and mankind might not be the worse for converting the zeal nominally called forth in the service of Apis, into great deeds of science and art, or of almost superhuman mechanical exertion,—but the deification of art and philosophy, of nature, and even of mind, has no apology now that a brighter heaven is opened to man.

Such were the thoughts of the good and simple-minded Cornelia as she trod the majestic halls and dark recesses of Philæ. She sometimes gave utterance to her reflections, which had always depth and substance enough in them to call forth the observations of her company, though seldom in accordance with her own quiet and unpretending view of piety. The duke, a man of the world, listened with a smile of fondness to his wife's just remarks, the doctor always put in a word for the sublimity and all-pervading essence of nature, while the painter, with all the misty mysticism of a German student, proclaimed the immutable sovereignty

of ideas, as pre-existing in all minds born and unborn, as typified in the world, and only to be worthily expressed by the lofty touches of art.

With such companions, well versed as they were in the real knowledge of their respective callings, there was never any want of discussion: there was much information to be elicited, and much lively conversation to be enjoyed. The time passed pleasantly away, and it was not without regret that they all returned to their boat on the Nile.

Still falling down the river, but stopping occasionally to land and visit any remarkable object on its banks, they arrived full of expectation at Thebes. Here they were of course to remain some days, in order to investigate thoroughly the noble remains on both banks, and to take drawings of some of the later discoveries. For this purpose, the tent was landed and pitched in front of a large ruined building, which served as entrance to what appeared to have been formerly a tomb; making use of the dark chambers behind as a part of their temporary dwelling, while the tent in front supplied the place of a light and commodious drawing-room. Part of the suite, however, remained on board the boat.

The details of a visit to the threefold capital, as it may be called, of Upper Egypt, it is not necessary to give. Medeenet-Haboo, Luxor, and Carnac, each require the study of many days to appreciate either their historic or artistic value. It is laborious even to see and examine, when the object requires that retentiveness of memory which is necessary to carry on the comparison of one style with another, or of one class of monuments with others far distant. In such researches it is, that, independently of the pleasure conferred by the exercise of talent, the advantage of the technicalities of art, which can only be mastered by assiduous study, is most apparent: those very technicalities, which are contemned as dry by the mere frequenter of museums or collector of curiosities, become as it were a grammar and a dictionary to the scholar, and supply a new memory—it might almost be said, an understanding—to those who will undergo the trouble requisite for mastering them.

In this respect, Mayer was excellent. His perfect acquaintance with the history and philosophy of art, enabled him in the shortest time to comprehend, not only the beauty of the monuments continually passing before his

eyes, but also to explain with little difficulty the hieroglyphic paintings relating to the mythology of Egypt. He took great pleasure in pointing out to Cornelia the most curious objects in the ruins; and while she sought to engage her husband in exploring and having excavated some of the least known chambers of the dead, Mayer was always at hand to interpret the symbols, and to sketch off the figures while still fresh in colour.

Cornelia did not fail to perceive, after a short time, that her husband seemed to have lost his previous taste for the arts, or for any other kind of occupation connected with their travels: he who was at first eager in his desire to see all and every thing in Egypt, appeared now to be without energy, and to be gradually sinking into a state of morbid apathy and ennui. She endeavoured by every means to rouse him from this uncomfortable state, and to inspire him with the same delight she herself experienced in the wonders which surrounded them.

Being determined to make a very complete survey of the three ruined cities, the duke, or rather the duchess, who now did every thing, had all their portable comforts and luxuries,

(such as those of Nile travellers are) carried up to their tent, or rather to their tomb, and contrived to make that singular habitation as well furnished a tomb as could be seen. Every evening such of the party as had made drawings, or discoveries, detailed them for the benefit of the rest; a duty which soon devolved upon the artist alone, as the duke took little trouble, and the duchess and the doctor were beginning to be too anxious about his altered health to leave him long alone. The doctor would have pressed his immediate return to Cairo, which was distant but a few days' sail, with the steam; it was however impossible to overcome the duke's reluctance to move, a symptom in the doctor's eyes of approaching fever, and a bad one.

Cornelia, now seriously alarmed, and warned, in a friendly manner, by Dr. M'Leod, that if fever once began it would be impossible to move her husband for a length of time which he could not pretend to limit, began to occupy herself with making such arrangements as the tomb and tent together permitted for converting them into a sick chamber. And it was scarcely done before the duke was seized with a violent fit of intermittent fever, which called for all his

wife's energy and strength of mind both for his sake and her own.

The duke was confined full fourteen days with a serious attack of fever, arising partly from fatigue and exposure to the sun, followed by imprudent repose and sleep in the damp atmosphere of the river, and partly from some unknown cause of irritation, which had evidently been more or less preying on his mind ever since leaving Malta.

Cornelia's anxiety and watchfulness may be easily conceived; with a serious cause for alarm constantly at hand, neither the beauty of the climate, nor the interest of the place, could divert her affectionate attentions from her husband. Dr. M'Leod was devoted to him; leaving entirely his little oddities and originalities, which made him, while he had no patient to occupy his thoughts, a rather uncouth companion, he became at once the kindest nurse to the invalid, and the most considerate friend to his sorrowing wife. Mayer was equally thoughtful in his attentions; and both, when Cornelia could be induced to absent herself from the sick chamber, employed all their talents to occupy and divert her mind. But most invaluable were the good Mrs. Johnson and her husband, whose care,

in their respective stations, was beyond all praise: for in no case do the virtues of a good servant shine more than in the capacity of nurse. They alone could keep Nicholas quiet, or knew when to bring him if he was tractable; they alternately watched or served in the duke's or in Cornelia's apartment; they were in fact so kindly useful as to excite the smothered jealousy of Luigi, who, though a most diligent and attentive servant to his master, evidently disliked that any one should approach the duke except himself. Such was the state of affairs in the tent during the awful fortnight of the fever. The warm weather was sensibly increasing daily, and the waters sinking, which added to the anxiety which all felt to depart.

Many were the silent hours that Cornelia was doomed to pass in that sombre dwelling, when not immediately engaged in attendance on her husband. In the evening, seated on her travelling carpet and cushions arranged after the Eastern fashion, with a solitary lamp on a stool, or on a granite block, the fragment of some sculptured relic of three thousand years, she would give way to gloomy apprehensions. It must be confessed, the locality was not calculated to inspire the mind with cheerful ideas,

even had not the concomitant circumstances of sickness and anxiety been there to cloud her future prospects.

The walls of the living tomb, as it might be called, which they had rather hastily selected for their temporary habitation, were excavated in the gritty rock which contains the sepulchres of the kings. Whether this might once have held the remains of some great Pharaoh, or of one of the blood of Rameses or Sesostris, was a source of endless disputes between the doctor and the painter, who had become, as every traveller in Egypt does, more or less antiquarians of the first water. The sculptures and paintings with which its sides were adorned, were in an extraordinary state of preservation, and the colours were so fresh that Mayer had been able to paint his copies of the figures, in parts, with powder of various hues scraped from the surface of the very designs they were intended to represent. Long funereal processions, boats conveying the dead to their final abode, solemn judgments before a tribunal obscure indeed in many of its attributes, but evidently meant to shadow forth an image of Almighty power: these and similar compositions, all tending to the same awful end, were represented

with that dignity, mixed with the emblems of a dark superstition, which is the special characteristic of Egyptian painting.

The duke's fever increased rapidly; and the crisis came on, as Dr. M'Leod anticipated, upon the ninth night from his first attack. Cornelia was never absent from his side—she felt at once that her husband's illness was of a most serious character, and being away from home, and from all the comforts and conveniences of Europe, she was conscious that even more depended upon her watchfulness in the Arab tent, than could have been the case had they been at home. This was, indeed, that trying moment for her, which showed at once her deep attachment to her husband, as well as her own individual fortitude as a woman.

On that awful night she resolved to sit up, if necessary, alone; or at least with only the duke's personal attendant near her. She sent her two female domestics to rest at an early hour, feeling that she should require their aid more after the fatigues of the night. She also begged Dr. M'Leod to take some repose; but he, devotedly attached to the duke, and to his duty, peremptorily declared his determination to remain. For this night, he candidly in-

formed the duchess, might be the turning-point of her husband's fate.

The duke, after some hours of previous excitement, had fallen into a sort of lethargic slumber, from which, however, he now showed signs of awaking. Ever and anon he started, cast his eyes wildly about, and, after uttering incoherent words and broken sentences, sank again upon his pillow.

Cornelia's was now a trying situation; she had entire confidence in the doctor, and a grateful feeling towards Luigi, whose attentions and unremitting care of his master were deserving of all praise.

Seated by her husband's couch, the anxious wife listened attentively to all the rambling sentences and detached words he uttered in his delirium: sometimes she understood him, but oftener he was perfectly unintelligible. Expressions of remorse, repentance for some unknown deed, escaped his lips—allusions to events of past days, which Cornelia knew not how to interpret—frequent mention of names unknown to her, passionate exclamations of Wife! Wife! and that at moments when he did not seem to recognise her, fell painfully on her ear. At last, raving with fury, he

half raised himself with unusual strength from the couch, and cried, "Veronica! Veronica! art thou indeed once more beside me, my lost one?" after which he sank back from exhaustion.

Cornelia, bewildered, and doubting what she heard, summoned all her mental powers to overcome the rising pangs that wrung her heart: her love for her husband prevailed, and she bent over his now nearly inanimate form with redoubled care and affection. Then she sat still and watched his troubled slumbers; and, as the pale moonbeams entered the tent by an opening which had been left for air, and illumined the colossal figures of the tomb behind, her heated fancy imagined the actual presence of beings of another world. Her husband's ravings sounded in her ears, and she shuddered at she knew not what. So passed this anxious night, and many similar to it. When seated by the bed of pain, the affectionate and simple-minded Cornelia watched and suffered through this her first trial. Her anxiety for her husband predominated over every feeling; but, as is usually the case with very sensitive minds, not to the exclusion of every thing else. On the contrary, it seemed as if

every sensation was quickened and rendered more acute to her perception, in consequence of the increased sensibility of her nerves. She would willingly have been deaf, blind, insensible; but, alas, she was only too much alive to all around her, even while listening to her unhappy husband's ravings! The gloomy walls of her prison, for such it seemed, were to her eyes taller and taller, as her flickering lamp threw its wavering light in fitful gleams upon its storied walls: the calm, benignant countenances of Isis and Osiris looked down upon her from their vast height in godlike beauty; she saw the long processions, significant of life and death, applied to mortals who are long since dust and ashes, and applicable to other mortals who will soon become the same. Her spirit, unused to gloomy speculations, trembled as it acknowledged the deep import of the truth embodied in these speaking images of what to us is the darkest and most obscure antiquity, namely, that life the most glorious is but a preparation for death. But as she fearfully looked upon these superhuman, rather than supernatural, beings, till she could fancy she saw the dim pageant move through the varied phases of life to the unvarying goal of death—

her eye rested on the final trophy, the winged globe and serpent, the emblem of eternity;—then a flush of joy unaccountable animated her sinking spirits, the figures of the Omnipotent smiled benevolently upon their subject world; and at last her weakened and bewildered understanding would give way to an outburst of tears. Cornelia was probably saved by this natural relief from a fever not less violent than that which had attacked her husband. The crisis once passed, the danger was averted, and recovery no longer doubtful. Days passed on; and, after long watching and anxious care on the part of his attached wife, the duke regained his strength, and the party once more resumed their voyage down the Nile.

Arrived at Cairo, the doctor, whose former experience of warm climates made his opinion a law both to Cornelia and her husband, told them that the journey to Palestine, which they wished to begin without delay, was an undertaking neither of them were yet capable of. He insisted upon a week's rest, both to recruit the duke's strength and Cornelia's spirits, which had perceptibly suffered from her late fatigues and anxieties.

Sorry as they were to make any fresh delay,

in a season already so far advanced, prudence prevailed over impatience. The doctor silenced all remonstrance by saying that little Nicholas, now growing a fine boy, required an outfit for his journey, and the duchess immediately gave way. Mayer too, who on this occasion played willingly into the doctor's hands, declared that he must have time to complete the series of measurements of the Pyramids which the duke had commissioned him to make; and, as if that was not enough, Cornelia would have at the same time, drawings of all the Arabian and Mauresque buildings in the city of Cairo.

They stayed there a week. A week in Cairo may be very well occupied. The Pyramids are not to be visited in a hurry. They took their time, and saw those stupendous monuments as they ought to be seen; with ample leisure not only to behold, but to wonder. And time ought always to be allowed to wonder at the sublime in art, or in nature: a part of the time taken up in seeing sights is necessarily absorbed in coming to understand them; for what is great and new, that is so great and so new as to fall upon the mind really unexpected, requires pains to comprehend it: and it is only after comprehension has been arrived at, that the mind has

liberty to admire. The understanding is as incapable of appreciating two impressions at once, as the body of supporting two acute pains.

The crowning wonder of Egypt, the great Pyramid, is rightly left to be the last explored marvel of that marvellous land; whether viewed as distant mountains in the haze of noon, or scanned as gigantic buildings from a nearer station, the first impression left on the mind by the external grandeur of these, in every sense the first and greatest works of men's hands, is that of awe and amazement. Seeing the Pyramids, one can comprehend the tower of Babel: followed by a crowd of loud-mouthed Arabs, beggars, and guides, one can equally imagine the confusion of tongues.

But if such be the effect of the first general view of the Pyramids on entering Egypt, the examination of their wonderful interior, construction, and arrangement, strikes the observer, even after having seen the glories of the Nile, with an increased admiration of the genius and the skill of their all but superhuman architects. At first they seem like works of nature, and are regarded more as huge granitic mountains than as fabrics of the human race: at last, all vague amazement gives way to a closer appre-

ciation of the great qualities of that human race that could raise such stupendous monuments. And not mere monuments, dumb piles of stone, however vast; but speaking historical records of the country and its monarchs, if not of the world and its religion: full of meaning, social or philosophical, ready to tell the largest page in the history of man, to those who know how to question them. Such are the Pyramids—such in their degree are all the ancient monuments of the Egyptians!

CHAPTER V.

When I would comfort myself against sorrow, my heart is faint in me.—JEREMIAH viii. 18.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.—ISAIAH lxvi. 13.

CORNELIA had now happily accomplished what she considered her first chapter in her travels. She had seen, and well seen, the marvels of the land of Egypt; and enjoyed that which to a quick and inquiring mind is one of the greatest of pleasures—the faculty of verifying on the spot some of the most wonderful points of art and history which had occupied her youthful imagination. But more exciting scenes were in reserve for her, in the countries she was about to visit.

A few days' rest at Cairo had sufficed to complete the duke's recovery; and the physician now earnestly recommended him not to delay the prosecution of his journey. They departed, then, from Cairo by the ordinary

desert track, and were obliged to submit to difficulties of quite another character from those which they had experienced on the Nile. All the gentlemen of the party were in spirits at the prospect of commencing a more active mode of travelling, and of leaving the lazy Nile boats for the brisk paces of their Arab steeds.

Camels were also hired; and Cornelia was persuaded to mount, and to travel on one of the famous Maherry breed, in preference to a horse, during their passage through the sandy wastes of El Arish, which lay in their road towards Jerusalem.

The yacht, meanwhile, was sent round to wait for them at Acre—their first plan embracing merely a visit to Jerusalem and the coast.

As the long train of camels, horses, and baggage slowly left the gates of Cairo, the sun sank gradually in the western horizon, leaving that beautiful blue-grey tint of night that characterizes a southern twilight, so different from the black darkness of a northern winter's evening. Their first halt was to be at only a few miles' distance from Cairo, on the road to Suez, merely to gain a point from whence to

start commodiously the next morning. But it was not for that in any degree less a desert halting-place: the crowds and heat of Cairo, the traffic and civilization of man, were left behind; and the first night in the vastness and silence of the desert, was as great a contrast to the capital which they had just left, as if it had been in the heart of Arabia. In the east, the influence of a city, however large and prosperous, extends but little beyond its walls. The intermediate gradations of suburbs and villages, which the habits and security of Europe have built up round our great towns, do not exist, and the tents of the Ishmaelite are removed but a step from the palace of the Pharaohs. They prepared, for the first time, to rest in the desert. The suite of such a party of travellers in the east is usually very numerous, both for safety and for state. It was to be supposed, then, that the feeling of silence or solitude would be completely destroyed; but, on the contrary, such is the natural quietness and grave demeanour of all classes of Orientals, that, after the tents were pitched and supper prepared, the Arab sheikh and his guards at once took their posts, and the party were left in all tranquillity to their meditations.

It was now near midnight. Cornelia, whether from some remains of anxiety with regard to her husband's health, or a slight degree of fatigue from a new mode of travelling, was unable to sleep, and therefore sat up to enjoy the loveliness of an eastern night in all its perfection. The moon was just rising in her full splendour, and the stars, distinctly seen in all their brilliancy, shed their mild lustre over the picturesque tents of the Arabs. The mellow light allowed all objects to be seen distinctly through the gloom, while the deep shadows only served to define in bolder relief the outlines of such as caught the pale but clear beams of the moon.

Cornelia mused long and anxiously over her past life—her marriage, her singular adoption of the little Nicholas, and last and most, of her own present maternal prospects. She was at ease about her husband's health, but not so with regard to his spirits. Though now well, his melancholy had not left him; and it seemed as if he indulged in it not unconsciously, though in all matters affecting Cornelia or her comforts he was kindness itself towards her. The depression of his mind never led to his omitting or neglecting any attention to her, yet his man-

ner to every one else was sensibly altered. The doctor, of course, was not slow to perceive this, but abstained from remarking on it to Cornelia. He knew she was not in a state to support with indifference any additional anxiety.

The doctor, indeed, was rather solicitous to get her safe to her journey's end, and advised that there should be no unnecessary loitering. He was, therefore, by no means pleased when both duke and duchess agreed the next day to take the longer route to Suez, instead of the shorter one by Gaza and El Arish. However, after seriously pressing the necessity of being at Jerusalem by a certain day, he gave in, reserving to himself the privilege of hurrying the whole party on every occasion.

Nicholas, a sturdy, fearless boy, was become the great source of amusement to the whole party. He would play with all, but obey none. His boisterous sports were the particular delight of the artist, and the equally great torment of the doctor. Mayer was continually introducing him into all his sketches of scenery, or among the groups which their caravan afforded to his pencil on the road. He admired the bold, fearless character of his countenance,

his free bearing, and animated expression, whether in play or in earnest. The doctor, on the other hand, was always endeavouring, but in vain, to keep the unruly child in some sort of order. When the caravan are to march, Niccolò would not go; when they halt, Niccolò cries to go on. He has always the better of the fight, when the Johnsons only are concerned. The one way of pacifying him is to place him for a few minutes on the duchess's camel, which he screams to mount whenever it meets his sight. In short, he tyrannized, as an untamed child always does, whichever be its sex, over the whole company, the duke only excepted. Indeed, the duke and the boy, the first and last of the party, seemed actuated with a mutual indifference, and now rarely noticed each other.

After four days' slow travelling, they arrived at Suez, a town that seldom detains any traveller long, and which has no attractions for any but those who approach it from sea. Pursuing their track, they saw in the far distance the bold, and almost Alpine, range of Mount Sinai, a refreshing sight in the wilderness, from the crown of dark clouds with which its summit is frequently covered, giving to the

thirsty Arab visions of fertilizing rains, a cooler atmosphere, and fountains of living water. They skirt the frowning ridge, whose western precipices are in appearance almost abutting on the Red Sea; they leave that dreary coast, so memorable in the early history of mankind, and, proceeding over the rugged chain of Mount Hor, they encamp in the romantic glen of Petra.

The two days which are needed for the examination of Petra and its most interesting antiquities, gave a seasonable rest to both the minds and bodies of the whole caravan. Cornelia, in order to avoid fatigue, pitched her tent exactly in the centre of the valley, in a spot from which she could view all the most remarkable edifices, if such they may be called, and where she could at the same time enjoy the fresh breeze which at intervals came sweeping down from the mountains. Here there was work for every one—antiquarian, artist, or naturalist; all could reap a rich harvest of discovery, which formed the subject of their evening conversation, when assembled in the duchess's tent at supper. The wondering Bedouins, lazily stretched under the shady rocks, observed with listless looks the occupation of those whom they considered as the mad or

foolish Christians: they stirred but to look after their horses, or to fire random shots up and down the gorge, by way of warning to any tribe that might be within hearing.

Travelling is so different in the East from what it is in the central and western parts of Europe and Africa, that the expectations and disappointments, the feelings of satisfaction or mortification, arise from very different causes, and almost seem to depend on different principles. In Europe, a delay of a few hours is to the traveller the greatest of misfortunes; in the East, leisure is above all things what he wants. He desires time to study the new and striking appearances of nature, as well as to examine the localities, more or less disputed, of all historically celebrated sites; he wants time, also, to make, though slowly, an acquaintance with the people, to listen to their language and observe their manners; he has the modern or Mahometan history to learn and reflect upon, then the Christian; while in a remoter antiquity the abundant remains of the classical ages—the Roman conquests, the Grecian colonization—must equally be comprehended, before a true

view of the Oriental countries and their history can be arrived at. But beyond this, in all the southern regions of the East, lies a dark but vast depth of early civilization to be investigated; Egypt, Arabia, Assyria, have all had their respective archaic periods, which are but now emerging from their primeval gloom, under the researches of modern learning and patience.

Our travellers had felt all this in Egypt, the most interesting, as well as the most nearly open, of all the sealed books of the ancient world.

Even the comparatively recent caves, and other remains of Petra, were quitted with regret; and after too short a stay in that wonderful glen, they left its deep romantic solitudes for their chief object—Palestine.

Leaving the sandy deserts of the low country, they journeyed over the rocky hills of Edom, and, gradually traversing the desert that divides it from Judea, had ample reason to see the difference between a natural desert of sand and rocks, as in Arabia, and one only desert from political circumstances, as in the south of Palestine. Here verdure and flowers, springing up after the rains, bore testi-

mony to the natural exuberance of the soil; while ruined towns innumerable, were equally good evidence that there had once existed a population which had not neglected its advantages.

Cornelia had been for some time disposed to a melancholy, which her approach to the scenes of holy writ did not tend to diminish. She had now, in addition to the considerations previously mentioned, the grander reflections arising from the Bible, and its venerable lore, to occupy her in respect of every well-known town she came to, and every monument to which tradition had assigned a name. Her own maternal prospects also frequently plunged her in reveries while seated on the gently undulating camel; and it was a relief to her mind when she arrived at the poor and miserable town of Bethlehem, and took up her abode in the lodging afforded by the convent nearest to the hallowed spot known as the place of the nativity of our Lord. The rest of the cavalcade were furnished with apartments near at hand; but the duke and duchess, the doctor, Nicholas,

and his nurse, were alone accommodated in the convent buildings.

Cornelia, wearied with her journey, every hour more sensible of the trial she had soon to undergo, arrived with her feelings wound up to the highest pitch by the excitement of all that her early religion, aided by a warm and virtuous imagination, taught her to venerate at this sanctuary of Christianity. There passed before her mind the lowly crib of the infant Saviour, the murder of the innocents, the flight into Egypt; in a later age the deep devotion of the pious Empress Helena (a name so connected with our early British Christianity, and especially with Cornelia's own native province of York), then the Mahometan whirlwind of conquest and fanaticism, the romantic episode of the Crusades, and finally, the low and pitiable state of both Christians and Jews, as she saw them under their present bigoted Turkish masters —all this flitted before her mental vision, and ill disposed her to the rest that was so needful for her.

The duchess, deeply impressed with the melancholy that such thoughts inspired,

anxious about herself, about her husband, and quite unable to sleep, is deeply struck with a desire to descend at midnight into the Holy Grotto of the Nativity, which forms the crypt underneath the chapel, now gorgeously dedicated to the commemoration of the birth of Jesus. There she would kneel —there she would pray for her unborn babe —for her husband—and for herself. On that most holy spot, where the Saviour of mankind first saw the light of that world it was his to redeem, would she, the humble Cornelia, implore God's blessing on the objects nearest her heart, and entreat his pardon for their sins.

In vain she endeavoured to persuade her husband to accompany her—such bursts of imagination were by no means suited to his temperament; she appealed to the doctor, who, smiling at her enthusiasm, recommends her earnestly to seek repose, and to defer her visit to daylight and a quieter state of mind.

Cornelia, her nerves in a condition of excitement and tension which she had never hitherto experienced, unheeding their remonstrances, full of holy enthusiasm, and strong

in her pure and simple faith, determines to proceed. She gently takes up her small lamp of antique shape, still generally used in the East, and descends with noiseless step the footworn-stair that leads to the grotto—it might be called the cavern—of the Nativity.

She passes unmolested, undisturbed, through the guards that encumber, rather than do honour, to the passage; she heeds not the blaze of the lamps, nor the splendour of the jewels and decorations with which superstition, ancient and modern, has encrusted the shrine. Blind to all these external attractions, and believing that the traditions still current in the age of Helena were inspired by Eternal Truth, and so a sure guide to the pious empress in her foundation of this church on the true ground of the Nativity, she passes on and kneels—the fairest and most faithful of pilgrims—before the shrine of the infant Redeemer.

What were the secret prayers of that pure heart as they were poured forth before this, the very fountain and spring of our redemption? In the inmost recesses of her soul Cornelia harboured one, only one, feel-

ing, which was not in harmony with her otherwise unbounded sense of gratitude to God for the many blessings she possessed; and which, unlike many others who are blindly blest with all this world, imperfect as it is, can bestow, she was ever willing to acknowledge, as to return thanks for them. That feeling, scarcely as yet to herself confessed, was, that her husband's mind, which had, to her anxious eyes, appeared more or less clouded ever since the awful paroxysm of fever at Carnac, must be loaded with some secret consciousness of sin. She could never forget that trying scene, when his intellectual powers had temporarily given way before the tremendous force of his malady, and he had uttered broken words and sentences of doubtful meaning, which had not ceased to trouble her attached and affectionate heart.

Full of these feelings, then, and now, if ever, believing herself in the more immediate presence of her God, she mentally, nay almost audibly, prayed that her child might participate in the special grace and blessing which she devoutly believed would descend

on those that worshipped in that holy cell; she earnestly besought that it might, whatever its sex, be spared that sad inheritance of sin, by which, as we see daily, the transgressions of the parent are suffered to fall heavily upon the children: she prayed for her husband's forgiveness, and for his speedy restoration to a more healthy frame of mind, in which he might become sensible to the blessing of that religious light, which as she now felt, far from home, in a strange though holy land, was the most unspeakable comfort to herself; she bowed her head, and, language failing her, concluded her simple orisons in tears. At such a moment, not the most eloquent tongue under heaven suffices to give utterance to the innumerable thoughts that the soul would pour out before God. He at least hath no need of language or articulate words to understand, to read the hearts of his creatures; all our senses, all our faculties, fall short of expressing what we feel—what He sees. If there be one exception, if there be one creation—there is no other word which soars towards heaven, and perhaps bears the truest, the purest,

emanation of religious feeling directly from the humble soul to the foot of the Almighty throne—it is the superhuman, the divine creation of music—not as an art, still less as a science; but simply in that quality in which it stands exalted and alone, the quality of being the only universal language—the language of nature—the language of angels—the language of the heart—intelligible to God and man.

Cornelia was roused from her almost trancelike state of prayer and enthusiasm, in which the tears of the suppliant were combined with the raptures of the saint, by the gently swelling voices of the choir. The thrilling effect of the Greek choral music, which was quite new to her, and which seemed to come from heaven in support of her now relaxed frame, gave her strength to rise, and when it ceased, with feeble steps she sought the way to the convent above, and laid her over-excited and over-strained body to repose.

But rest found not its way to those weary eyelids: her mind, violently agitated between anxiety for her husband, cares for herself,

and the emotions of holy love and awe, so natural to the pilgrim who, nurtured in the pure ways of Christianity, finds herself at once on that hallowed spot so long the object of her aspirations,—her mind refused sleep, and bent itself only to a form of supplication for grace and strength from above. Her resolves were fixed; she would, according to the knowledge which was vouchsafed to her, devote herself to her duties; she would henceforward, if suffering was to be her lot, endeavour to bear the Cross of her Master, with hope blended with resignation. Her religion, which was not of the lip but of the heart, taught her to trust in God; and to hope in all humility, that if a portion of her reward should in mercy be granted to her in this life, it might be in the blessing of seeing her husband restored to peace of mind.

Cornelia had been piously educated, and felt but too conscious that she had no right to ask for such reward; but, believing most firmly in the merciful dispensations of the Almighty, she ventured to hope that it might be granted to her.

One other gentle prayer was also constantly in her mind, and returned with redoubled force since she entered the holy precincts of the Nativity—namely, that her child might not be visited with the punishment due to the sin of its parent; that it might be a true follower of Jesus, humble in prosperity, sustained by faith in adversity; a follower of his footsteps in truth and in deed, a pilgrim acknowledging this life only as a passage to that better life to come, and strong in that virtuous principle in which it would be the object of its mother's life, if spared, to train it.

Once more she rises from her couch, and, bending over her husband's sleeping but troubled countenance, she feels returning strength and confidence in his love, and imprints a kiss of tenderness on his brow, and lays her down to repose by his side.

She slept not at once tranquilly, but, as is often the case with persons of overstrained feelings, continued to think, sleeping, confusedly at first, but at last with sufficient distinctness to be sensible of an overpowering degree of awe arising from an ill-defined

feeling that she was at once by her husband's side, yet, at the same time, in the very chapel she had lately left. The consciousness of the locality by degrees increased upon her, till she felt perfectly assured she was again brought, as it were by the Spirit, into the Holy Grotto of the Nativity, and found herself again kneeling before the cradle of Christ.

By that wonderful intuition in dreams, when the senses are wrapped up in trance, and when feeling and knowledge seem conveyed miraculously to the soul, without the intervention of the ordinary means of perception, she knew at once where she was, though the spot was utterly unlike that at which she had so recently knelt and prayed.

But what was the change? She had seen the chapel brilliantly lighted, filled with guards, pilgrims, and devotees—now she saw, or rather she was feelingly aware, that she stood in the cave, the actual birthplace of her Saviour. All the gorgeous decoration, all the tinsel ornament, the attractive lights, the gold, the silver, the gems, which piety or superstition, so rarely allied with taste, had in barbaric splendour accumulated

around the shrine—all had faded away, and dissolved into the nothingness of the false and superficial notions of religion which had inspired the votaries who presented them: nothing remained save the pure, the real, the holy. She saw an open cavern lighted by a star, and formed after the Eastern fashion into a stable in the rock, with a broad manger, carved out of the stone, extending along one end of it. By its side sate one young and fair, with the large dovelike eyes, and beautiful, but characteristic features of a Jewish maiden, whose sweet, and almost childish, yet earnest expression, beamed with love and good-will towards all mankind. In her arms she holds, and presses, with gentle motherly affection to her bosom, the blessed babe, who smiles and beckons lovingly to Cornelia; while his youthful mother, with that look of blended reverence and love which Raphael, alone of mortals, was privileged to portray, watched with intense attention the movements of that infantine hand, whose attributes are power and benediction.

By an instantaneous transition, Cornelia

finds herself transported to a garden full of roses, blooming under the shade of majestic palms—those princes of the vegetable creation—and, looking up, she sees standing by her side one clothed in woollen garments, whose countenance was stamped with an expression of divine compassion and ineffable melancholy,—he moves towards her, and she knows, she *feels* him to be her Saviour. Falling on her knees, and gifted with a sudden, and perhaps supernatural, eloquence, she opens her heart, and with an involuntary utterance, as if that heart was miraculously endowed with the faculty of instantly making known its wants, its desires, to the heart of Him who sympathizes with all his creatures,—she tells him of her doubts and sufferings, prays that she may learn patience and resignation from Him, the fountain of all good; she prays for pardon for her husband, and that she herself may, if called upon, show mercy, compassion, and forgiveness to human weakness and error, however much her wounded spirit may suffer in the trial; she prays that the child that will be hers may not be smitten for

the sins of its parents; she fearfully seeks to penetrate the dark future, and would fain learn what will be its fate and her own.

The Saviour touches her eyes with his gentle hand, and holds out to her a lily branch with three fair unopened blossoms on it,—Cornelia numbers them as they fall one by one on the ground, and, as they touch the earth, each seems to her enraptured eyes a youthful and blooming maiden. She would know their fate,—shall they, though not exempt from mortal frailty, be also scathed by the sin that was before them? Jesus touches her again, and smiles benignantly,—the certainty immediately reaches her inmost soul that trials are appointed them; but that thus only can the knowledge of the better world be acquired, and thoroughly engrafted in the fallen nature of man. Her heart inwardly and devoutly responds, "Lord, it is good!"

Again she sighs to learn her husband's fate,—but here he answereth not. His tender smile again comforts her.

Her anxious eyes once more seek the three lovely maidens—and lo, there are but

two; where then is the third? The same sweet pitying smile stays her fear. Anon, she sees but one—toiling slowly up the hill towards a shining city. "Where then, Lord, am I, and those other two who should be with her?" The divine glance again sadly, but soothingly, meets her trembling eyes—he seems enshrined in glory, while the silver accents fall upon her ear, "Daughter, be of good cheer, and doubt not." An ineffable thrill shoots through her heart, with the knowledge that she will not be permitted long to tarry here; but that, if she keep steadfast in the faith, her portion is with Him hereafter. Her confidence that her child will be sustained, and brought through her trials, even to the end, strengthens her, and dispels her dread of the awful sentence of hereditary sin and punishment, which was fast acquiring an unnatural power over her intellect. She gazes again at the holy one; the face calm and sweet, though radiant and bright in glory, seems now passing away, and, as it melts into the skies, Cornelia awakes to renewed health of mind and body,

and with tears of joy pours forth a heartfelt strain of blessing and thanksgiving.

That awful but heavenly dream has confirmed her in faith, hope, and love; she awaits her trial in patience.

The day dawned clear and bright, as it does in the spring of that lovely climate, and Cornelia awoke, strengthened and refreshed by an internal feeling of support, to which she had been hitherto a stranger. While the dew was still hanging on the modest flowers that deck the hill-sides of Bethlehem, the party set out, full of expectation, for their first entrance into Jerusalem.

Cornelia's mind was naturally filled with the remembrance of that awful dream which had occupied, rather than disturbed, her usually peaceful hours of sleep. Agitated, though not painfully, by the ideas which arose in connection with it, she now, for the first time, regretted the absence of any friend or companion to whom she could confide her feelings on the occasion. Her husband was too much the object of her anxiety, both in the dream itself, and on general grounds, for her to think of imparting the

occurrence to him, even supposing him likely to pay a serious attention to it; and there were no others near her to whom she could open her mind on such a subject. She resolved, therefore, to bury the secret in her own breast, but at the same time to reflect deeply on it, and ponder those things in her heart.

As their cavalcade slowly draws near to the holy mount of Zion, the white walls reflecting the morning sun were seen, the sole feature of that sad but interesting landscape. Until near enough to judge of the noble eminence on which is seated that which once was, and may yet again be, the city of God—the desert and neglected appearance of the country, the aridity which, in the climates of the East, characterizes every waste, whatever the quality of the soil, gives a sensation of melancholy impossible to describe, but which every pilgrim to the Holy Land has assuredly felt. Plain white walls, hard and rocky land, scanty herbage, scarcity of water, of trees, and of inhabitants, all strike the fresh observer as the signs of a land, however blessed in its capabilities of

ministering to the wants of man, now lying under the interdict, not to say the curse, of God. Nor does a nearer approach belie this impression, though the feelings of reverential interest which are excited by every stone within the walls of Jerusalem, soon turn the current of ideas in another direction.

On their arrival, they took up their abode in the Latin convent, and the evening being yet before them, they lost no time in commencing their visits to the places consecrated by religion, or, in her absence, by tradition. Cornelia went only to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; no other object could she see or think of until she had once kneeled on the hallowed spot of her Saviour's death, as she had done, the night before, at that of his birth. There she prays, there she once more pours forth the earnest and deepfelt anxieties of her soul at the foot of God's almighty throne. Fain would she also have remained all night in the church; but feeling seriously unwell, and apprehensive lest increase of pain might render her immovable, she left the holy shrine, and, seeking her bed, quitted it

not until, after great suffering, she became the mother of a daughter.

The new phase in Cornelia's existence, the conscious feeling of maternity, did not a little contribute to impress her with a sense of redoubled responsibility, arising from the extraordinary circumstances which had preceded her confinement. It seemed as if the momentous vision with which her slumbers had been visited, had been sent as a gracious forerunner of the birth of a child, who was hereafter to be a blessing to her; and the heartfelt pleasure of seeing an infant of her own, whose mind she might fashion, and whose smiles and caresses would cheer her mother's future life, compensated her for all her pain and anxiety. The duke, however, could not, in spite of all his habitual kindness to his wife, quite reconcile himself to what he felt as a great disappointment, in not seeing a son and heir in his first-born. The kind attention, if possible even more than the skill and decision, of Dr. M'Leod, during the whole period of Cornelia's illness and recovery, endeared him to both deservedly.

Mayer, of course, during all this period,

was left very much to himself. He employed his time in rambling, and making the minutest researches over all the area of the ancient Zion and its environs. He filled a portfolio with the most beautiful sketches, purposely selected to please the duchess, whenever she should reappear in their domestic circle. For this purpose, he had chosen as a subject the Infancy of Christ, and had carefully depicted all the supposed or real remains which related to his design. The idea was happy; to her pious and now maternal feelings, nothing could be more appropriate; but Dr. M'Leod persuaded him to hold back for a time the most elaborate of the whole series—namely, the Massacre of the Innocents—which the laborious Mayer, with true German minuteness, had taken pains to portray with all possible circumstances of horror, the doctor protesting she should see nothing of the kind till her nerves were stronger, lest she should fancy every Arab a Herod, and see in all the murdered babes a likeness of her own darling. Mayer was forced to submit, but promised himself abun-

dant glory from some future Art-verein at Leipzig or Munich.

But one who would not be kept quiet, and who gave more trouble at this time than all the caravan, was the perverse, unruly little Nicholas, now a fine rough boy, who would run every where, and make a fearful noise wherever he went. He behaved in truth very ill; and poor Mrs. Johnson, who seldom ventured beyond an ineffectual scold, was once forced to resort to stronger methods of coercion. She, of course, was a valuable auxiliary in the duchess's room at that period, and Nicholas would always scream (for he had caught up with too good an ear the true Arab shriek) to go in with her, which, of course, for many days was not allowed. At last he was admitted, and, as a treat, the lovely little baby was carefully shown to him. To the inexpressible horror of Mrs. Johnson, the fiery little urchin, who thought he saw the cause of his long exclusion from his dear mamma's (as he always called the duchess) apartment, he gave it—fortunately with more spite than force—a slap, which did most effectually secure his exclusion from the nur-

sery for weeks afterwards. It was fortunate that the duchess did not see this escapade of her protégé, and, when he was brought to see her occasionally, the infant was always out of his way. His nurse, who was tolerably well used to rough and unruly children, gave him a severe chastisement, but did not think his conduct much worse than that of other bold boys of his age.

After Cornelia's recovery, she was pressed by all her party, and more particularly by the duke's assiduity to amuse her, to visit every place worth seeing both in and near the Holy City. This was quickly done, as all except herself had had ample time to learn their lesson during the period when she could not leave her room; she consequently found every information and facility prepared for her.

Among all the environs of Zion there is none that touches the heart of all pilgrims —and to Jerusalem every one may be called a pilgrim—so universally as the Mount of Olives. The scene of Christ's teaching, and of his passion, it impresses itself on the mind chiefly of course by its scriptural associations,

but greatly also by its quiet rural beauty, so consonant with the sober and humble precepts of his ministry. No one can walk under the shade of those living trees which have seen the Christ, without feeling themselves far nearer to the actual presence of the Saviour, than in any grotto or dead work of stone.

Here would Cornelia delight to rest, and enjoy the splendid view of Jerusalem: here would she recall the words of the gospel, which was proclaimed indifferently to all mankind, whether Jew or Gentile.

Sometimes in their walks about the ruined buildings of the city, she would gradually and unintentionally find herself engaged in a half controversial discussion with the philosophical artist, who was not slow to bring out his German rational ideas for the mere purpose of exercising his talent for general disquisition. Mayer would have been shocked had any one called him an infidel; he was one of those easy believers who are ready to give credit to any thing, provided it be not in the Bible; he had imbibed the German idea, that Christianity and civilization were synonymous, and that to be a Christian it

was only necessary to be a very highly civilized man.

The doctor never entered into controversy, except on anatomical or physiological subjects. He would dispute all night upon mesmerism, phrenology, and homœopathy, and Mayer was not unwilling to discuss such eminently German topics. When these discussions took place in the presence of Cornelia, she frequently amused herself with encouraging the disputants; and often, by her native good sense, succeeded in solving questions which their subtle metaphysics involved in almost hopeless obscurity.

The time drew near when the travellers must make up their mind to proceed on their journey. Cornelia prepared to leave Jerusalem with sincere regret; never had she felt the powers of her mind or the feelings of her heart so strongly excited as in that holy city; moreover, it was the birthplace of her first-born. She had visited every spot hallowed by the sanctity of tradition—she had read the gospels on the very spots which they celebrate—one and one only venerated scene of Christ's mission was invisible—the temple.

Desecrated and built over by one of the most revered mosques of the Mahometans, access to the site of the glorious temple of Solomon is denied to all who are not of the faith of Islam. It is true that nothing of the original is now to be seen there; but the recollections of the history of the Old Testament, which make the temple a sacred place even to the Mussulman, would make it equally so to the Jew and to the Christian; while the subsequent events of the New Testament, which took place within or near its venerable walls, would render it a tenfold greater object of reverence to the Christian than to any other worshippers.

At last, the caravan departed from Jerusalem, and slowly took its way among the hills in the direction of that singular lake known as the Dead Sea. Their travelling was necessarily but slow, and, after skirting the shores of its mournful waters, they left its lifeless sands on the third day for the more fruitful and cheerful banks of the far-famed Jordan.

Independently of all historical and religious associations, the Jordan may be

considered as a fine river of the second or third class, springing from the majestic Alpine range of Lebanon, and flowing through a naturally rich, though neglected valley, till it mingles its pure flood with the bitter waves of the Dead Sea. Here the caravan found numerous halting-places,—flowery meads forming the most luxuriant pasture,—shady groves, as if planted to shelter the weary pilgrim, by the side of cool waters ready to quench his thirst. One evening the tents were pitched on a grassy spot, bordering by a thicket of dark evergreens,—the Arabs that formed their escort were scattered in picturesque groups, with their horses and camels, along the river side, while Cornelia sat on her Turkish carpet enjoying the freshness of the evening, after a magnificent sunset.

She had been reading, and pleased herself with comparing their primitive life, and the patriarchal character of the present inhabitants of the country, with what it must have been in the days of Ruth. She descanted to her companions on the blessings of such a life, and the happiness

inseparable from such simplicity of manners. Mayer, whose remarks had been, to say the least of them, ultra-liberal in religion as long as surrounded by the idolatries of Egypt, had suddenly become reserved, and as it were conscience-stricken, on reaching the holy land of promise. He seemed in awe, as if feeling the presence of some superior divinity to any that he acknowledged elsewhere.

The little Nicholas was romping and running about as wild as the kids of the Arabs; the baby was duly cared for in the inner tent, or, as their sheikh called it, the hareem.

Suddenly two camels appeared in the distance, and soon after two horsemen were seen advancing over a height which had previously concealed them. No more was wanted to put the whole Arab part of the caravan in motion. The sheikh seized his spear, those of his men who had horses leapt into the saddle, the rest stood to their arms, prepared for any event. Presently, the sheikh returned, exclaiming, "Friends! friends!"—and a few minutes more brought the new-comers to the tent.

They proved to be an English traveller, Mr. Charteris, and his brother, a clergyman of the university of Cambridge, gentleman-like, intelligent young men, who were travelling purely for instruction and information in Oriental learning. Their presence was welcomed by the duke and duchess, who were glad of a variety by which their own fellow-travellers might profit as well as themselves; for the duke's melancholy and the duchess's new avocations tended to make their evening circle, whether in house or tent, rather less enlivening than it had been. The duchess, who felt keenly the want of Christian baptism for her infant, and who was possessed with a sort of pious feeling, that, having obtained the mother's blessing in the city of David, it was in some degree incumbent on her to have it christened while within the precincts of the Holy Land, was overjoyed at this occurrence. With her husband's permission, she invited the two gentlemen, who were travelling alone, to join their caravan, and, as their Arabs proved to be of the same tribe as their own, there was no difficulty made by either escort.

The new-comers immediately pitched their tent close by the others, and they supped together by the light of one of those brilliant moons which, to the Syrian traveller, explain the worship of Ashtaroth. As it appeared, all were bent on journeying in the same direction,—first, to the cedar-crowned heights of Lebanon, and thence by Tyre and Sidon to Constantinople by sea; it was soon arranged that, on arriving at the port, all should embark on board the duke's yacht, and they should land wherever it might suit them.

The next morning the whole caravan was moving at an early hour, and, as they followed the verdant banks of the Jordan, Cornelia requested the Rev. Mr. Charteris to baptize her infant at the next station they might halt at; explaining at the same time, with great earnestness, the reason why she thought it a duty to delay the rite no longer. As might have been expected, she met with ready acquiescence from Mr. Charteris, who, as a clergyman, felt an inward gratification in the prospect of administering the holy sacrament

of baptism in the land, and with the water, sanctified by the Redeemer.

Having settled these preliminaries, the caravan journeyed slowly on, and it was resolved to halt the whole of the next day for the purpose of respectfully celebrating the holy ceremony, as well as to give a seasonable rest to the whole of their company.

They arrived that night late at the appointed halting-place. Cornelia, fatigued and anxious about her child, retired to rest as soon as her tent was pitched: her gentle slumbers were at an early hour dissipated by the brilliant sun of the morning. Her heart was cheered by the bright rays which seemed to welcome the innocent babe, whose christening was about to take place in those sacred waters, whose stream had once been hallowed by the same rite on the person of the Saviour and of his forerunner—she left her couch full of thankfulness and joy, and bent, a happy mother, over the cradle of her yet sleeping child.

She now had time to look about her, and to admire the extreme beauty of the spot where they happened to be encamped. Cer-

tainly Sheikh Ibrahim had no innate ideas of the picturesque, or of the sublime and beautiful, still less could he or would he have consulted the tastes of a Frank or the religious feelings of a Christian; yet, had he cared to do so, he could hardly have chosen a lovelier spot than that where, as conductor of the caravan, he had pitched their little camp for the night.

On a verdant slope, gently inclining towards the Jordan, stood a clump of venerable oaks—behind which some ruins of an early age were but half concealed among ivy and other luxuriant creepers. The river flowed with strong but noiseless current below, showing here and there its bright waters in the morning sun, and partly hid from sight by an impenetrable jungle of gracefully waving canes and oleanders, already tipped with their gorgeous blossoms. A thicket of myrtle, and other fragrant Oriental shrubs, fringed a rocky eminence beyond; while a majestic group of palms and dark cypresses completed the seclusion of the spot.

It is in such sequestered scenes as these, where the creature feels itself more imme-

diately in the presence of the Creator, surrounded by his beautiful creations, and canopied by his glorious firmament, that the material and human splendour of temples, services, rites, and ceremonies, becomes in idea (for nothing of the kind is there) especially distasteful to the thinking and simple mind. Such artificial helps to devotion are, doubtless, when well conducted, and not overloaded with unnecessary formalities, a suitable accompaniment to religious worship in lands far distant from the scenes of Holy Writ; but here, on the very banks of the river sanctified by the baptism of Christ and the ministry of the Baptist, the most fitting service is the unaltered Word of God, the most gorgeous temple is the flowery earth and the vault of heaven, God's handiwork.

With such feelings, in which the clergyman fully agreed, did Cornelia, her heart swelling with joy and gratitude as she pressed her infant closer to her bosom, take her way to the rustic altar and font that had been prepared for her.

Under the shade of some spreading evergreen trees, whose thick foliage excluded the

powerful rays of the newly-risen sun, she found an ancient vase brought from the neighbouring ruin, and placed upon a block of marble that happened to be lying on the spot. Mayer had volunteered early in the morning to fill the ample vase with fresh water from the holy Jordan; the child, the parents, the friends who acted as sponsors were there, and the clergyman performed the impressive rite in the solemn words of the Church. "I baptize thee Christabelle-Helena, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

The whole caravan were assembled round in attentive silence: the Arabs thought it an incantation, particularly when they saw the child baptized by immersion—a healthy luxury in that climate—and sprinkled by a priest in a white gown, with a formula of unknown words, whose mysterious import they took for a charm against the evil eye. Nicholas was quiet and well behaved from sheer curiosity and astonishment—and was rewarded, on their return to the tent, with a bunch of golden dates, which amply satisfied his desires. The ceremony concluded, Cornelia with her babe retired to her inner tent,

where she again threw herself on her knees, and invoked the blessing of Heaven on her innocent child.

If our conventional, ceremonial-loving Christians, could each pass a day amid the scenes of the Bible in the beauteous valleys of Palestine, how truly would they feel that God, even their God, dwelleth not in temples made with hands—that he who framed "the world without, the mind within," is best worshipped in the pure simplicity of that mind which embodies the humble prayers of the heart,—best honoured in the natural adornments of his creation, of which it is truly said, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!

The following day, the encampment broke up, and they journeyed at the usual pace in the direction of Lebanon.

The weather had gradually become warmer, and the approach to the higher plains and mountain valleys of those famous regions was agreeable to all, from the freshness of the air, the purity of the water, and the unwonted sight of industry and cultivation. They visited the most celebrated places both

in Samaria and Galilee, and took leave of the heated expanse of plain which bounds the Sea of Tiberias with less regret, that Dr. M'Leod thought the exposure of the infant —rather a delicate babe—to such a climate, might be attended with danger. Passing Mount Lebanon without accident, they arrived safely on the coast, and were not sorry to enjoy the sea breeze as a refreshment after their toil. The yacht met them at Acre, where, dismissing their faithful escort, they embarked for Constantinople, Mr. Charteris and his brother accompanying them.

CHAPTER VI.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe—
Land of lost gods and godlike men—art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth.

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the grey stones and unmolested grass,
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

BYRON.

THE day was come when it was necessary for Cornelia to leave that favoured land, in which she had passed so many months of various interest and enjoyment. She had visited those scenes of holy writ, and seen the remains consecrated by the founder of

her faith, with more security and less trouble than falls to the ordinary lot of women, who are usually obliged to remain at home, contented with the imperfect descriptions of the traveller, or the meagre delineations of the artist. She had in that land seen the actual diversities of race and faith more nearly—it might be said, more tangibly—than they can be seen in any other country; and she had not drawn a favourable conclusion from them, with regard to the honesty or the dignity of human nature. She returned, above all, most thankful, that, however captivating to the enthusiast the pilgrimage to the Holy Land may be, Christ may be as truly worshipped by those faithful Christians who remain at home.

Still, as those shores receded from her view, and the blue mountains faded into distance, she could not turn from the land in which she at least had prayed with all singleness of heart at the cradle and at the tomb of Jesus; where her prayers had been heard and her vows granted, by the gift of her beloved child—without a feeling of deep gratitude for the blessings bestowed upon her.

They embarked leisurely on a fine afternoon, and getting under weigh in the evening, as a glorious moon was rising from behind the distant ridges of Mount Carmel, they stood out to sea from the port of Acre with a moderate but favourable breeze from the land. The next morning found them becalmed under the high land of Cyprus, and the whole party, so long unused to the confinement of a cabin, assembled early on deck to admire the picturesque shores of that famous, though unhealthy, island. The baby was of course brought up to inhale the fresh air; it was rather delicate, and Cornelia was most anxious to bring it into a cooler climate. An awning was spread over the quarter-deck, and the sea was so calm in that tideless basin of the Mediterranean, that they could sit and pursue their usual occupations without inconvenience.

From this, the first day after Nicholas came on board, his young mind appeared divided between two dominant feelings; the one, a jealousy of the innocent child who had, as it seemed to him, usurped his place in the duchess's affection; the other, a most un-

bounded admiration for the feats and activity of the sailors, together with no little indication of a fearless wish to emulate them, whenever he should be able. He avoided all sight or contact with the baby; and it was well, for his temper did but too readily prompt him to be mischievous. Yet, however cross he might show himself towards the child (and also to its Greek dàdà, or nurse, who came in for her share of his dislike), he never behaved ill to the duchess herself, who seemed to have a spell over him. The sailors adored him. His fire, his intrepidity, his willingness to play, and to dare every little trial of nerve to which they and Johnson, his special guardian, would sometimes expose him, won their admiration, and many were the prophecies of the brave tar as to what he would some day or other prove himself. Sailors are proverbially fond of children, and equally so as kind to any one they can protect; and it was most remarkable, the boy never was out of temper with them, but only with the household, and, as far as opportunity allowed, with his rival, the baby.

Summer sailing in the Mediterranean is

generally slow. The yacht coasted the bold shores of Asia Minor, the weather being still favourable; but, as they drew nearer to the Archipelago, a region fertile in violent northerly winds, it was thought advisable to put into the harbour of Rhodes.

It was a most agreeable change to most of the party to go on shore after a slow voyage, even in the finest weather, and they resolved to remain a few days, and to visit the most remarkable places in that interesting island.

After leaving countries like Egypt and Palestine, whose wonders consist partly in the preservation of the very earliest records of the human race, conveyed to the mind through the medium of a rude, or at best of an archaic, style of art; and partly of one of the most striking forms of modern religious and social polity, with all its peculiarities of manners—the sudden transition to lands like Greece, and Italy, and Asia Minor, is most striking and impressive. In the farther East, the middle age (in its larger sense) of mankind seems almost to have been lost; its remains in those wide tracts of early civilization are comparatively few and paltry, or

mere imitations of earlier inventions. But in the classic lands of Greece and Rome, and especially in the Greek islands, one sees at once the whole void filled up; instead of merely the infancy and the decline of art and accompanying civilization, one meets with the vigorous manhood, the graceful beauty of art and skill, in every fragment that lies neglected or in ruin. Temples, coins, sculpture, inscriptions are there as the silent—or hardly silent—witnesses of the brilliant past; every object speaks with an intelligible meaning to the taste or the understanding.

Among the whole party none were so delighted as Mayer at the opportunity thus afforded him to study the antique in one of its native recesses. Rhodes not being much frequented by the modern race of travellers, there is still much to explore and to decipher, as it were, in the history of the island as explained, or to be explained, by its monuments. Mayer thanked the duke again and again for the opportune facility he here found for copying unknown friezes, cornices, bassi-relievi, and other remains not hackneyed in the study of modern artists. He assisted the

duke in selecting a choice but small quantity of authentic medals of the best periods of art, and was even fortunate enough to discover and dig up a beautiful statue of Apollo, almost perfect, which, with other smaller but not inferior pieces of sculpture, the duke transferred to his yacht for ultimate transportation to England.

In all these operations, the Rev. Mr. Charteris, who was a distinguished classical scholar, and most eager in the prosecution of researches, both in an historical and in an artistical point of view, gave useful help to Mayer, whose knowledge of the ancients was derived rather from their works of art than from their writings. Nicholas, always on the alert when any active undertaking was going on, pretended to assist in the work; but ever and anon, if a resplendent green lizard ran over the snow-white marble, or a brilliant dragon-fly fluttered near him in the air, he would leave work and every thing to run and catch it, which he never succeeded in, often getting a fall or some other mishap in the attempt.

Leaving Rhodes as soon as the winds

would allow, the yacht pursued her course northward, threading the intricate maze of islands and rocks which the Archipelago opposes to all who approach it from the south, with a slowness that gave ample time for admiration of its beauties. To ships coming down from the north the navigation is easier, as the prevalent wind and the constant current is favourable to them. In the present instance, pleasure being the object, and time of more value when employed in observing new objects than in running rapidly through them, delay was no evil.

They were sitting on deck one fine evening, while running through the broad channel between the isles of Samos and Nicaria, when the artist, who seldom allowed a picturesque object to pass him unobserved or undelineated, suddenly took out his sketch-book, and rapidly drew the outline of the bold rocky island in front, with a few light Greek caiques with snowy sails scudding along the coast.

"Those barks," said Mr. Charteris, "are but little changed from the vessels that conveyed the fair Helen from Greece to Troy;

and here are we skimming the same seas, and delighting in the story of those same Greeks and Trojans, gazing on their lands, and listening to nearly their own language, but in a ship how different, with all the fruits of the science of five and twenty intervening centuries!"

"True," said Mayer, "it has always been a problem to me, whether the quick rise of Grecian genius in every branch of knowledge or greatness, was the result of some moral and physical coincidence which has never been repeated; or whether the same spirit of progress does not in turn animate every nation, though accidental circumstances prevent its being carried out to completion."

"You mean," replied Mr. Charteris, "that all mankind are alike, and that only external circumstances modify or determine the extent and quality of their genius?"

"Not exactly," returned Mayer, "I think something peculiarly adapted to invention or creation must have existed in the Egyptian mind, and also some unusual faculty of improvement, or of what we call taste, in the mind of Greece—that is, in her best times.

But granting that constitutional fitness for art, for action, for science and literature, to have been spontaneously developed, as we know it was, being indebted to Egypt for only the germ—the first hint, as it were, of its future triumphs—what has been the singular cause of the stationary, or dormant, condition of all the best faculties of Greece until the present day?"

"Turkish conquest and rule," said the Doctor.

"That is not enough," rejoined Mayer. "They were degraded in taste, and debased in character, long before a Turk set foot in the country. The rule of Mahomet has certainly not been very favourable since that time; yet, to do the Turks justice, their empire once established, they seemed to lose their own energy, and their despotism was of that irregular and fitful character, that, like the iron sceptre of our own medieval kings, though it struck hard on some, it did not wither the mass, like our modern German police. It is uniformity and mediocrity that kill genius and smother talent." The artist was always eloquent upon—that is,

against—the police-government of his own country, maintaining that it had been skilfully contrived to make all Germans appear submissive and contented before their princes on a holiday, and rebels in heart every other day of the week. He had the grandest theories on the subject of German capability and destiny; he thought Germany was to be redeemed by her artists, that he was to be chief among these artists, and that Greece might eventually run the same course. He was, therefore, a warm supporter of the Bavarian dynasty in Greece, and a very discontented subject of the same royal family in Bavaria.

Cornelia frequently amused herself by listening to these discussions, and, when the disputants were not engaged in any very dry or abstruse argument, she often induced her husband, whose spirits were variable, to take part in the conversation.

At length, they arrived in safety at Constantinople, and entered the mouth of the Bosphorus on one of those soft and rosy summer evenings characteristic of that fine climate. Not a cloud was visible; the sky,

brilliantly blue in the zenith, suffused with a glowing pink near the horizon, was so clear that the distant snowy tops of Mount Olympus seemed near at hand: a rising planet was reflected on the surface of the waters, which shone as a mirror beneath the setting sun; and the sudden appearance of the gilded domes and minarets of the City of the Sultan, lighted up by its last rays, and seeming every instant to grow out of the sea, completed that unrivalled panorama. Much has been said on the comparison between Lisbon and Constantinople, as upon that between Genoa and Naples: the four rival cities have certainly each their peculiar line of beauty, and Venice, as a fifth, may claim a beauty quite her own; but those who have seen all, generally prefer Constantinople.

The singularity of the site, between two seas, and on a strait that claims, above all others, the poetical title of an ocean-stream—the beauty of the near as of the distant landscape—the groves or wood of dark cypresses, not gloomy under an Eastern sun—the novelty of the buildings, the costumes, and a certain charm over the whole, together with

the vast historical interest connected with the imperial city, make it second to Rome alone of all the lovely capitals of the Mediterranean.

Arriving late, they were constrained to remain on board the yacht till the next morning, when she was brought into port, and they were allowed to land. They went straight to the house of the consul, who had prepared lodgings for them, and resolved to remain in the city only the requisite time for seeing the principal objects, after which they would take a country-house at Therapia for the remainder of the summer.

The weather had now become very hot, and the doctor congratulated his patients—for he considered every one on board the yacht as necessarily and rightfully his patient, in however rude health he might be—upon being well off their rather tedious voyage before the plague season set in.

The duke and the doctor set out one morning, with the consul's dragoman, to visit Therapia, and choose one of the Frank or Greek houses there—a Turkish villa, for many reasons, was not to be thought of.

They found one, rather crazy in appearance, surrounded with airy galleries and verandas, and placed high above a terraced-garden, descending as by so many steps to the edge of the Bosphorus. A fine group of planes shaded one side of it, but the front was clear, and looking over that beauteous bay towards the entrance of the Euxine Sea.

Cornelia was enchanted with the account they brought back to her, and in a few days they moved to their new habitation. The great difficulty was the moving the precious baby, its mother—when she saw the light canoe-like skiff, in which two brawny Turkish boatmen were to row them against the boiling "current of Satan" up the Bosphorus—was imperative that her child should not go in it; and it was only in the yacht's own boat, and under command of the mate, that she would suffer it to embark.

Nicholas was suffered to do as he liked,—that is, he had been obstreperous to go in the pretty Turkish boat, red and gold, with rowers standing upright, among whom he pushed his little arms and wanted to row himself; but, when he saw the delicate

Christabelle more cared for than himself, he flung himself in the bottom of the boat in sullen silence. There he was allowed to lie, not from neglect, as his moody temper suggested, but because it was exactly the best place for him, where he would have been told to seat himself, and certainly would have rebelled against the order. So, it was lucky as it was. The boat flew lightly over the waters; and when Nicholas saw how the Turkish boatmen, in their peculiar manner, got a-head of the yacht's gig, in which were the duchess and the nursery, his pride recovered, and, becoming animated, he fixed his eyes—his dark black eyes—on the rival boat with childish exultation.

Mayer, who was with him (the doctor being, of course, in the baby's own boat), studied his countenance attentively, and, taking out his tablets, made a hasty sketch of him, which he quickly returned to his pocket. For the child had a nervous dislike to seeing any body attempt to draw his portrait, which Mayer had often attempted before, usually with the loss of his pencil or paper, which the urchin would seize, and

throw to the waves without the slightest compunction. He would even take the well-merited cuff, which he usually got for such behaviour, with stoical resignation, as if in his boyish mind he had bargained for that, and was content.

We must suppose the party now lodged, and comfortably settled for some days past, in their new Oriental abode. It was amply large enough, though the rooms were not large; one central hall gave air and coolness to the house. The lower story, or ground-floor, was built, as usual in Turkey, of massive stonework, strong as a castle, and evidently built for defence; the upper floors were of very light masonry, chiefly lath and plaster, and furnished with projecting bow-windows at the ends, while the front was shaded by verandas. On the roof, which was nearly flat, and whose prominent eaves threw a strong shade over the upper story, stood a kind of pavilion with windows all round, so as to command the most beautiful and extensive views up and down the Bosphorus.

Below the front of the house three or four

terraces descended to the water's edge, at which were a boat-house and convenient landing-place. At either end of the principal terrace was a Turkish kiosk of elegant Oriental architecture, closed with lattices, the walls lined with glazed Persian tiles, and each with a small fountain rising from its marble pavement. A spreading turpentine-tree shaded one of them from the sun, while a group of lofty evergreens partially concealed the other. The terrace was ornamented by few flowers; but the tulip, favourite of the Turks, was there in luxuriance, with the eternal oleander and pomegranate, characteristic of the East. A steep, narrow, ancient paved road, led up from the shore to the entrance at the back of the house, which was nearly hidden by a vast plane-tree of unknown age, such as are not uncommon in the villages and near the wells in that country; the garden and terraces were bounded by lofty walls on three sides, and on the lower terrace was a row of lofty cypresses, whose dark shade, while it secured a cool and private wall to the inmates, did not intercept the view from above. In

addition, the lower wall was surmounted by a very high parapet, pierced with small arches, each filled by a light but close lattice, through which those within might, unseen themselves, catch a furtive glimpse of what was passing without.

This habitation, so much in character with the country, and betraying too clearly the necessity for caution and concealment, which is never absent from the mind of any subject of the Sultan, was now to be the dwelling of Cornelia and her family for the next four or five months. It seemed perfect for the climate in summer,—its comforts in winter might be doubted; but that they were not called on to try.

They were soon settled in this new abode, and with sundry articles of furniture from the yacht, which was anchored not far off, they made it tolerably comfortable. The weather was superb,—hot; but tempered by breezes from the Black Sea, upon which they could look from the kiosk on the roof, it soon revived all the travellers.

During the summer, they made many short expeditions into the country, and along its

shores, the alternation between land and water travelling being one of the great sources of interest in a country so geographically divided as the greater part of Turkey and Greece. It was the special pleasure of Nicholas to be taken out in one of the swift Turkish boats to the mouth of the Black Sea; he would exult on meeting the fresh north breeze, and cry out to the boatmen as they rose to the swell coming into the Bosphorus, as if his encouragement was to conquer all difficulties. Johnson always accompanied him, and had some trouble to keep his spirits within bounds. The readiest way he had of quieting his young charge, was to tell him stories of his adventures at sea in different quarters of the globe, and to describe the wonderful places he had seen. Nicholas could not correctly understand half what he heard; still, as the old man went on upon the subject, inexhaustible to him, of fighting French privateers, Barbary corsairs, buccaneers of America, and pirates of the Indian seas, or hunting the buffalo, the quagga, and the tiger in various other countries, he would listen in steadfast silence for a long time, till,

overborne by his excitement, he would clap his little hands and exclaim, "Nicholas will go, too, and hunt!" Johnson had been near the north pole, and had also a store of combats with bears, walrus, whales, and sea-lions to recount, catastrophes of shipwreck, icebergs, and earthquakes, burning mountains, mermaids, and sea-serpents, in all which his own firm faith was imbibed by the ready imagination of the child. But his crowning wonder, which the worthy old seaman declared he expected nobody to believe, and, therefore, would not quarrel with them if they did not, and which he would not have believed had he not seen it, was the sight of the cows in Kamtschatka eating fish. He declared he had seen a whole dairy feasted upon a shoal of salmon, turbot, and cod, that would have made the fortune of his cousin, the fishmonger in Billingsgate. However, if nobody else exhibited a proper credulity on this subject, Nicholas, who knew not what cows fed on, was perfectly ready to swallow the whole, cows and fish, together.

The summer passed. With the returning cool weather of September, the duke began

to think of moving to a milder climate for the ensuing winter. Cornelia had been much interested by the scenery and buildings, by the outside, in short, of every thing in and about Constantinople, where beauty consists more in picturesqueness, than in any symmetry or principle of art—mosques and dervishes will not go down after the solemn beauties of the Holy Land, and fade before the feelings which sober Christianity calls up with the strong ties of early association, in connection with the history of our faith. Even the light ornamental character of modern or Mahometan oriental taste, appears but flimsy tinsel to eyes fresh from the majestic grandeur of Egyptian antiquity.

The yacht set sail for Smyrna, and after a few days in that port they went to Scio, and then, after threading the intricacies of the Archipelago, stopping at any of those beautiful islands that offered objects worthy of a visit, they landed safely at Athens in October.

The Messrs. Charteris accompanied them to Athens; their society had been agreeable to all the party, and had contributed a little

to tame the buoyant spirits, or wilful temper of the unruly Nicholas. This boy's last feats had been directed to attempts at running up the rigging, in which, it is needless to say, he did not succeed. He had been rigged out in the dress of a Greek sailor, in which he took great delight, and Mayer ultimately contrived to transfer him to his sketch-book in that costume, with a beautiful background of the lofty mountains of Negropont, as seen across the channel that divides that island from Attica. The boy's foot was on a skiff, into which he was represented as stepping with an oar in his hand, a perfect model of youthful beauty, but rather more advanced in age, than he actually was at that time. Mayer presented this drawing to the duchess, who was delighted with its spirit and resemblance, and had it mounted beautifully in a travelling-case or frame upon their arrival at Athens.

Being prepared to winter in Greece, the yacht was laid up in the Piræus until the spring. An agreeable house looking upon the sea, and large enough to accommodate the whole party, was taken for the season,

and Cornelia now began to think seriously of giving her young charge the rudiments of education. Nicholas was a favourite with every one, except the nursery establishment, when he was in good-humour. He was always affectionate towards his mother, as he called the duchess, and had so far overcome his jealousy towards the unoffending baby as to bear with her, and even to sit gazing on her infantine countenance with evident pleasure. But one thing the boy was not proof against—the seeing the natural and evident preference the mother gave to her own child whenever the two together were in her presence. Then, though he never transgressed again so far as to slap the baby, he would pout in sullen silence, and retreat into a corner, and brood over his fancied wrongs. If a sugar-plum was given to the baby, Nicholas would hold out his hand for another: if the baby received a kiss from its mother, Nicholas would cry, "Kiss me, too!" In fact, he was never denied either favour; but his innate ambition, or whatever nascent passion began to exercise its power over his childish heart, prompted him always to claim the first

attention as his due; so early are the seeds of envy and discontent implanted in the youthful mind, to become the bane of after life.

This winter was an eventful one for Cornelia. She had hitherto been so happy in her wedded life, and so contented with the lot which had been cast to her; so fully blest in the possession of her little daughter Christabelle, and in the constant affection of her husband—that she could not imagine the mere fact of sex in her children could give rise to a serious feeling of sorrow in a father's heart. She could allow for disappointment—she would herself, perhaps, have preferred a son —but she could not, as a mother, welcome a child less warmly for the accident of sex. While at Athens, she became once more the mother of a girl, and the pleasure she felt in having a sister and future companion to her first-born, was unalloyed by any regrets that lasted beyond a moment for the fact of not having a son.

But it was otherwise with the less calm, and less regulated mind of the duke. He felt as a deep mortification that he had not

an heir; the natural desire for a son had, since the birth of his first daughter, increased to a positive expectation. His temper, which latterly had greatly inclined to reserve and melancholy, became more gloomy than ever.

After a short time, however, the extreme beauty of the new-born infant seemed by degrees to win for it a greater portion of its father's regard. If Christabelle was interesting and engaging, Ianthe (for so was the little Athenian christened) was all that, with the additional charm of the children of Raphael or Titian in infantine grace and expression.

Nicholas, who was now grown too rough and romping in his sports for the younger part of the nursery, was again, as before, put out of his mother's room, a temporary banishment which he bore very ill, but submitted to.

He began to show signs of a desire to imitate the beautiful figures of horsemen and mountaineers which he saw rising from the canvass of his friend Mayer: no greater treat could be afforded the boy than to dress him up in the habit of a pirate, or a bandit, as a

model for the artist's skill. Frequently he would seize Mayer's pencil, and attempt to draw his own ideas most unintelligibly, yet with a fervour and earnestness which led Mayer to think that he might soon begin to instruct him in the first rudiments of drawing.

The doctor, on the other hand, was anxious to teach him Latin and Greek, and to make him acquire the modern Greek language while so fortunately situated for picking it up by ear. By ear Nicholas might, and did pick it up in a way; for his ear was excellent, and his natural aptitude not less, but study he would not. The child sulked, the doctor despaired; there was war between them, till the good-natured physician would take him some long walk into the mountains to cull simples, when the boy would speedily recover his spirits, and bound over the rocks like a wild kid, eager to bring any object of the doctor's curiosity, and delighting himself in the scramble.

The fine weather of a Grecian winter was a great refreshment to the travellers, after the sultry climates they had lately been

accustomed to. The antiquities, not only of Athens, but of its whole neighbourhood, from Thebes to Argos, from Corinth to Marathon, were diligently examined and explored. There is this peculiarity in the present or late state of Greece and Turkey, that it exhibits what was the condition of the whole of the countries on the Mediterranean a few centuries ago. Modern improvements, or innovations, have not penetrated beyond the surface; and the face of the interior districts, and the habits of the people, are substantially what they were in the middle ages, and in some particulars, long before. Such, also, were once the finest provinces of Italy and Spain.

The duke, by degrees, became extremely fond of his hitherto neglected daughter; he seemed to take greater pleasure too, than he had done, in the various excursions they made into the country. Nicholas became reconciled to the two children, just in proportion as he was admitted to a share in the caresses and attentions they enjoyed: and, as their mother at once perceived his improved manner towards them, he received praises

and rewards, which tended to keep him generally, if not always, in order. He was trusted on a mule when accompanying some of their rides around Athens, and amused his guardians by constantly longing for a tall horse. He had vague recollections of the Arab horses he had seen proudly galloping in Palestine, and utterly despised the ponies—not the best in the world—that Athens afforded.

Nicholas enjoyed his new liberty, especially on a visit they made to Troy, during a portion of their stay at Athens: he had been placed upon a small horse belonging to their Greek guide, who deputed his own son, a lad of fourteen, to watch over the safety of young Milordo, as he chose to call him. With this youth, Nicholas was continually at some frolic or other, sometimes pulling his sleeves, untying his turban, or catching his sash—while the doctor in vain tried to keep him in order. In truth, the doctor was mostly occupied by a discussion with the artist, as to the truth or falsehood of the incidents relating to Troy in the Iliad, and thought more at that moment of Homer than of Nicholas.

Mayer contended, that the descriptions of

Homer were so visibly correct as to scenery and particulars, which seem even now to agree with the localities, that it is impossible to doubt the truth of the Iliad, as a poem applicable to that very spot, whatever doubt may exist of the historical correctness of the story which forms its groundwork. He reasoned as he felt: he felt as an artist, and to an artist his own feelings are generally conclusive. Not so the matter-of-fact doctor: he admitted readily that the historical truth might be taken as unimpeachable, but maintained that the scenery was invention, and might suit many countries, especially in that part of the world, while the artistic descriptions were just the skilful workmanship of the poet, and nothing more.

Days and weeks might be spent in the neighbourhood of Troy, in itself a very delightful country, without the possibility of settling such discussions. There are no remains sufficiently ancient to throw light on the question; and the pleasure of believing in the honesty of Homer, and of fancying the reality of the events of the Iliad, in such a fascinating country and climate, repays the

most credulous traveller for his prejudices. No one can see the tomb of Ajax, though it be but traditionary—or look from the heights now called Troy, though it exhibit nothing but rocks and brushwood—upon the blue Hellespont, without feeling that one has a nearer community of soul with the immortal father of song. The duchess, who entered into all their disquisitions with great warmth, was determined that Nicholas should not lose the chance of imbibing classical inspiration at the fountain-head: so she took care that, on coming in from his hot and weary ride, he should be bathed in the gushing waters of the Scamander, as it springs from its forty sources in the clefts of the rock. The artist compared him to the infant Achilles, plunged by his mother in the stream of Styx.

Perhaps for real historic interest, such as can be tolerably well depended on, no excursion is more satisfactory than that to the Morea. The localities are so well known, the scenery, though less rich than that of Troy and Mount Ida, is more romantic, and the remains of antiquity are numerous, varied,

and beautiful. The very names of Sparta, Corinth, Argos, Olympia, and Arcadia, are sufficient to recall so many classical recollections, historical and fabulous, that to a scholar the task of verification of what is already recorded in ancient literature, is a pleasure that requires not the fresh excitement of discovery in antiquarian remains. Yet here the talents and keenness of Mayer, as draftsman and explorer, added greatly to the resources of the party.

During the latter months of their stay at Athens, the little Nicholas, whose spirits and capacity, as well as occasional outbursts of temper, were now beyond the control of the duchess, was wisely entrusted to the care of a Greek tutor, under whom he quickly learned to talk the language of the country, a faculty he made good use of in their various rides and walks about Athens.

As the weather became finer, the yacht was frequently employed in short trips and cruises among the lovely islands that surround the shores of Greece, now verdant with the brilliant hues of a southern spring. At length, the increasing heat warned our

travellers that if, as their plan was, Sicily, and perhaps Italy, were to be visited, it was time to depart, and it was resolved, after a last evening visit to the Acropolis, they should sail next morning for Syracuse.

The evening before their departure was devoted to a final visit to that most faultless of all architectural structures, the Parthenon. No person with the slightest taste for art, or animated with the smallest respect for all that subsequent ages owe to the age and country of Pericles, in all that tends to the culture of the mind and the progress of civilization, can behold the Acropolis and all its glories, for the first or the last time, without a feeling of emotion. Whatever the Greeks may have derived from the Egyptians and other early Orientals, no one can deny but they made the arts and sciences their own, and stamped on them the indelible character of Grecian genius. Mayer held forth a long discourse to this effect; and after lamenting, with the rest, the decline of both artistic and other greatness in the country they were looking down upon, and were shortly about to

leave, he added, that it was now only in German universities, and among German students and professors, that an eminence in art and literature, rivalling or surpassing the Greeks, was to be looked for, and, perhaps, even now existed. This called out the remonstrance of all the party, who could not concede to the self-sufficient though patriotic artist, that his countrymen had yet arrived at that point. The sun was now setting beyond the western mountains in more than usual splendour, and the surpassing beauty of the view over sea, islands, and the distant coasts of the Morea, fortunately put an end to the discussion. They returned home by the temple of Theseus, of which the artist made a beautiful moonlight sketch as a farewell to Greece.

This he presented to the duchess, whose portrait he had ingeniously introduced carrying her youngest child, a perfect Grecian baby, and accompanied by the eldest, all in the picturesque costume of the country. They remained out of doors on their own moonlit terrace, perfumed with

jessamine, nearly all night, and prepared to go on board the yacht at daybreak next morning, which was accomplished, as usual, not without some trouble, some difficulty, or some display of temper, from the little Nicholas. But he was always so warm-hearted, so good afterwards, particularly towards his mamma-duchess, as he began to call her, that his outbursts were easily pardoned—at least by her.

The yacht sailed nobly out of the Piræus, and was the admiration of all the Greek sailors, who crowded the decks and yards of their vessels to see her manœuvre, with rather difficult wind, out of harbour. Being skilful with their own vessels, of a totally different build, they could appreciate the handling of a British yacht. At last she got out, and made all sail under the promontory of Sunium.

Long did they gaze at that most striking headland, crowned with the still standing columns of an ancient temple, through which the clear blue sky was seen as through the perspective of a theatre. As there are no temples now standing at Troy, and the in-

terest of what remains they had found there belongs to a late date, they had never felt the value of those standing witnesses of the greatness of the classic age, so much as on their return to Athens. Troy, except for the pleasure of roaming about a charming country, might be studied in the closet—Athens by no possibility.

The yacht sailed prosperously down the coast of the Morea, between two of the finest mountain ranges of which Greece can boast, namely, the lofty group of Taygetas, with its subordinate branches, on the one hand, and the almost Alpine chain of the Cretan Ida on the other. During the next few days, the wind allowed her to near one and the other coast alternately, so as to see the snow-capped mountains on either side rising boldly above the wooded shore and rocky promontories, behind which lay many a village, and almost inaccessible fastness, inhabited by those hardy pirates for which the Archipelago is so famous. Rounding the three bold capes of the Morea, and standing across for Malta, where, however, they did not land, they got sight of the broad mass

of Etna, and, after sailing many hours under its deep shadow, finally landed at Syracuse.

There they proposed to make some stay, and to visit the many spots famous in history and song, in which Sicily abounds. Pretty well inured by this time to hot weather, none of the party were fearful of the climate; and they looked forward with pleasure to the power of making an excursion to the opposite coast of Calabria. The duke's spirits had wonderfully improved; he was now the first to propose any object of examination, or to enter into any plan of travelling which his companions, to whom, with the greatest kindness and consideration, he left perfect liberty of action, might suggest.

The first desire experienced by all tourists in Sicily is to ascend Mount Etna. From Syracuse this is easy; but as it can be accomplished at any time during the whole summer, and as at that season the south coast becomes exceedingly sultry, they thought it more advisable in the first instance to make an excursion to the temples of Girgenti, and then return by Catania to Mount Etna.

The very early character of the remains at each of these places, as well as of some in the immediate neighbourhood of Syracuse, gave occasion to Mayer, who liked nothing so well as the opportunity of displaying his erudition, to discuss the question whether the Greeks of a somewhat later and more civilized period had really improved upon the principles of archaic art, or whether in their first attempts, after having broken the shackles of Egyptian stiffness and mannerism, they had not reached, in their then simple style, a higher position than any which their later and acknowledged excellence in correctness, taste, and grace had gained for them? His own opinion was, that they would have done well, in architecture especially, never to have quitted the Doric of Magna Grecia.

When these disquisitions of the amiable but enthusiastic artist showed symptoms of becoming what mathematicians would call, capable of being infinitely prolonged, the duchess would playfully interpose, and ask Mayer to exemplify his theories by giving

her an explanatory sketch of the instances he could adduce in support of his opinions.

Next to the temples came the more laborious affair of the ascent of the mountain, an exploit which they finally attempted from Catania, when on their return from Girgenti. The season was now so far advanced that Sicily was in full verdure, and even on its highest grounds the rich foliage of the chestnut woods defied, in its deep green, the power of the summer sun. The snow, which never leaves the summit of Etna, was visibly less and less every day; and the lengthening stalks of the aloes, which border every road in the lowlands of Sicily, showed that the heat told forcibly upon the luxuriant vegetation of that favoured island. There is no combination of natural colouring so beautiful as that of a landscape which unites in itself the threefold requisites of brilliant snow, a glowing verdure, and an azure sea; and how few spots there are in the world which exhibit these characteristics is well known to travellers. In Europe none surpass the east coast of Sicily in these particulars, especially in spring, or early summer.

Viewed in detail, Etna has its portion of savage grandeur as well as of Arcadian scenery. The rocks of the Val di Bove contrast finely with the shady forests above them; and the rugged walls of the crater, far beyond, tipped with a crest of everlasting snow, yet surmounted themselves by a slowly rising column of smoke, witness to the existence of equally everlasting fires, deep-seated in the centre of the globe, formed a sublime finish to the pastoral regions surrounding them. These were scenes in which every one could expatiate, according to the joyous feeling which the fresh mountain air, and the pleasure of bounding on nimble steeds over enamelled meadows (where Proserpine once gathered bouquets of the same flowers of which Nicholas pulled handfuls to present to his mother-duchess), gives even to the most insensible. Here Mayer held forth in most classic style on the ancient history and traditions of Sicily; here the doctor talked wisely of Archimedes and Theocritus, or compared the scenery to what he had seen in the West Indies, or the volcanic islands of the Pacific; and here the amiable duchess,

in the society of her loved husband, whose daily revival in health and spirits she attributed to the climate of Sicily, poured forth her soul in mental thanksgiving as she passed the humble chapel dedicated in honour of S. Maria della Salute.

"How grand!" said Mayer, as they approached the summit, and saw Sicily and Italy, and the sea studded with lesser islands, stretched as a map before them; "how grand is the idea of the giant condemned by Jupiter to lie for ever with the whole island of Sicily pressed upon his breast! If such be the *peine forte et dure* to which rebellious Titans were subject, no wonder Jove put down his Olympian insurrections more easily than our Kaiser."

Descending to Catania, they found by the wayside a broken statue, whose inimitable head and features left no doubt, according to Mayer, that it must be that of Proserpine herself, whose profile is acknowledged to be almost the *ne plus ultra* of classical beauty.

Arrived at Syracuse, they once more embarked on board the yacht, which, swiftly borne by a powerful sirocco between Scylla

and Charybdis, carried them in safety into the majestic harbour of Palermo. There they remained a week, and found that barely sufficient time to examine its numerous remains of ancient and medieval art, or to visit its beautiful scenery; one day to the famous Temple of Segesta, standing alone in the wilderness; another to the cave of Sta. Rosalia; an evening's ride to the splendid Gothic church of Monreale, for the inspection of its mosaics, not inferior to those of Venice, and for the enjoyment of one of the finest landscapes in Europe. The view of the noble bay of Palermo, as seen from the heights above the abbey, over a vale of orange gardens and olive grounds: these few excursions filled up their time.

The duke and duchess were speculating on the pleasure of prolonging their voyage to Naples and Venice, and of seeing Italy before their return to England, when one day a packet was brought from the banker's, containing letters for Cornelia from Yorkshire, which caused her, on reading them, to turn pale with emotion, and sink into a chair,

while the duke continued to read to her their contents. They brought the calamitous intelligence of the gradual but complete deprivation of eyesight of her father, Mr. Lovel. This disastrous event, with which he had been for some time threatened, and which was supposed by his medical attendants to be caused by an inordinate devotion to the pursuit of scientific and philosophical studies (he was one of the greatest astronomers of his time), had been brought to a crisis by a violent chill and inflammation, which he had taken on a cold spring evening in his observatory, and, though partially recovered from the illness, it was feared by them that the loss of vision was permanent. He therefore wished his daughter's immediate return; feeling also a natural desire that the birth of his daughter's next child, an event shortly expected, should take place in England.

This measure was, of course, instantly decided on. Dr. M'Leod and Mayer were both invited to accompany them to England. Nicholas's Greek tutor had left him at Athens.

A prosperous voyage took them in a few

days to Falmouth, whence they posted rapidly through the country to Yorkshire, without even pausing to visit the duke's Cornish property of Botreaux and Tintagel, near which they passed.

CHAPTER VII.

Ce monde est un temple très saint, dans lequel l'homme est introduit pour y contempler des statues, non ornées de mortelle main, mais celle que la divine pensée a fait sensibles; le soleil, les étoiles, les eaux, et la terre, pour nous representer les intelligibles.

Que l'enfance regarde devant elle, la veillesse derriere: estoit ce pas ce que signifioit le double visage de Janus?

L'Esprit de Montaigne.

Cheyne Place was an ancient castellated mansion of the sort once not uncommon in the northern counties, in which the adaptation for defence in turbulent times was more apparent than its fitness for the days of peace which have happily succeeded to them. Unlike the old manor-houses nearer London, which show evident traces of having been built for a certain degree of civilized and even luxurious enjoyment, Cheyne Place exhibited the character of a military post every where predominating over that of the abode of peace. Its plan was an irregular parallelogram, and, though placed on a rising ground,

it had anciently been surrounded by a ditch, or moat, of which some portion remained, still not filled up, on the western front. It had been founded in the reign of Edward II., upon the site of a still more ancient but smaller fortress, which had been razed to the ground in the baron's wars under the reign of his grandfather, Henry III. Many additions had been made, and great alterations in the style of the Tudors had been introduced, during the reign of Elizabeth, since which time, it had remained nearly intact.

The entrance was approached by a long avenue of aged elms, leading to a stately gate-house, under which the road conducted to the lofty flight of steps, by which was the principal access to the great hall. Another door opened into the side of it, by which, in former days, the household and other retainers entered, when all the family, in the largest sense of the word, took their daily meal in common.

The house, or rather, as it was usually and traditionally called, the Place, stood nearly in the centre of a large park, bounded by wooded hills, and commanding a wide ex-

panse of fertile valley, in one of the most cheerful and best cultivated parts of Yorkshire. The park was studded with groups of old oaks and other forest trees of great age, under which herds of graceful deer pastured in tranquil happiness—an image of the contentment that reigned supreme over the inmates of this favoured mansion; a bright lake gleamed in the distance, and it might be said with truth, that whatever there was of gloom or solemnity in the old building, was instantly dissipated by a glance at the smiling nature without.

On that side of the house which looked towards the valley, a broad green lawn terminated in a grass terrace, which extended on either hand for a very considerable distance, and was skirted on one side by groves of lofty oaks. At one extremity of this terrace stood a Grecian temple, of pure but simple architecture, which contained the astronomical instruments to which Mr. Lovel devoted his leisure hours in the prosecution of his favourite study. A carriage-drive followed the line of the terrace along its whole length —more than a mile—which was now, on the

joyful occasion of Cornelia's return to the home of her youth, decorated with rustic arches, festooned with Nature's simplest and most graceful ornaments, the wild-flowers of the neighbourhood. At each verdant portal, stood groups of neatly clad school children, waiting with pardonable curiosity to see and to greet their future mistress, of whom all had heard, but whom some few only remembered to have seen.

The meeting between the aged, and now nearly sightless, Mr. Lovel and his long absent daughter, was most affecting—the change which time and illness had wrought in her father's manly and intelligent countenance was most painful to Cornelia, but she clung to the thought that his illness would be only temporary, and that her presence and affectionate attentions would soon be the means of restoring him to that degree of health which, at his age, he might reasonably expect. Cornelia threw herself weeping into her father's arms, and was some time before she recovered herself sufficiently to present, or rather to name, her children to their blind grandfather, and the group

around him. These consisted of the Countess Fanny von Arnheim, Mr. Lovel's only sister, who had married in early youth a German count, and had passed more than half her life abroad. Her husband, as is too often the case in ill-assorted matches, spent all her fortune, which had been a considerable one, and left her at his death a sort of pensioner on a German court, with the title of Hofdame, and a mind much more fitted for the minutiæ of her adopted situation, than for the larger views and stronger characters of her native country. She was only on a visit, and was constantly talking of her German etiquette, and of the brilliancy of the court, of which she was of course a distinguished ornament. Her brother was kind and liberal to her; but it was evident that their minds were cast in different moulds.

There was besides a Mrs. Murray, also a widow, and a very amiable person, who had formerly been Cornelia's governess, and who had been living at Cheyne ever since her pupil's marriage, as companion to the aged Mr. Lovel.

Behind, stood Mrs. Mitchell, the stiff and rather consequential housekeeper, who with Hoskins, the steward, were in attendance to receive their young mistress.

After Cornelia and the duke had severally been welcomed by Mr. Lovel, the latter anxiously inquired who the party were whom he could not see, but whom, nevertheless, he wished to welcome with genuine hospitality. Cornelia then introduced her two girls, Christabelle, now five years old, and a most interesting but delicate-looking child, and the little Ianthe, just beginning to run about. Nicholas is not forgotten; his history, as far as known, had been previously communicated to Mr. Lovel, who had been much interested in the fate of the poor orphan; and now, when Mr. Lovel patted his head and said a few kind words to him, the boy, who had evidently been struck by the old gentleman's appearance, stepped forward and seized his hand with an energy that pleased him as much as it seemed to displease Countess Fanny.

The appearance of Nicholas on a stage where for half a century no youthful heir

had appeared, and the ignorance of the household and of the country-folks as to what the actual family of Cornelia might consist, raised a feeling of interest among the by-standers in behalf of the sunburnt, herculean boy, whom they saw now with a proud and noble bearing by the side of those who seemed to be his parents. The steward and housekeeper exchanged looks, but not a word was said; the old domestics, the traditional chronicles of the family, knew well Cornelia had yet no son: the event would have been too well known had it taken place. They lost no time, however, in stopping the whispers that they began to hear circulating behind them.

"Are you all here, children and grandchildren?" asked Mr. Lovel. "Welcome, thrice welcome, to Cheyne, yourselves and friends! You have told me you have an artist here; well, though my eyes can no longer, alas! appreciate his works, he will find here much to employ him—much to study. You must show him all that Cheyne and Yorkshire afford worthy of his attention. And your physician—where is he?

Present me to him," said the blind old man. "He is ever dear to me who saved my son-in-law from death in a strange and inhospitable land."

"Dr. M'Leod went straight to London," answered the duke; "he had letters from a professional friend, that informed him of a good opening for practice, of which he availed himself immediately, assisted by some recommendations which I was able to give him."

"Well, then," said Mr. Lovel, "my beloved child, let me show you your apartments, which you will find somewhat altered in appearance since you last inhabited them."

The whole family then entered the house, and proceeded to their several rooms.

After so long an absence, and such a change of circumstances as her own marriage and increasing family, her father's blindness, and the presence of her aunt, Cornelia had need of rest, both on account of her approaching confinement, and as a necessary relaxation after the fatigues of her long voyage. All this tended to keep her much in the house; and her desire to be constantly with

her father, to soothe his advancing and afflicted age by all the consolations in her power, did but add to her sedentary habits. The charm of home, after a long sojourn in lands totally different in aspect and in climate to those of our scenes of infancy, acts with the double power of novelty and recollection.

Nicholas was left much at liberty to do what he pleased; to romp about in boisterous play with the two little girls, to amuse the whole household with his spirits and agility, and to teaze Countess Fanny beyond all measure, by what she termed his unmannerly conduct. Cornelia could not spare him much of her time, but whenever he obtained it he got doubly spoilt, while the rest of his day being spent in exercise, he was soon reconciled to the change, and was never more caressing to his dear mother, as he called her, than now, when he saw her less often. Mr. Lovel having once, as it were, adopted him, delighted in all that was reported to him of his active and manly spirit, and wished he could see him ride. He even ordered a pony fit for his age, to be taken up for Nicholas to mount under the

groom's eye, a proceeding which endeared the generous old gentleman to the eager boy very considerably. Countess Fanny, meanwhile, could not understand this misplaced benevolence, and thought her brother must be in his dotage. She even blamed Cornelia for bringing a low-born foundling into the family, and objected exceedingly to Mrs. Murray's partiality to the child.

The boy's genuine feelings were not to be restrained by any of the exclusive observations of the German countess, who always expected to hear every one's pedigree before she pronounced on the most obvious points of character or disposition. Had Nicholas been acknowledged as the son of a Graf von —— or a Duca di ——, he would have been entitled to a share of her attention; even as the son of an English esquire, though she did not think much of esquires, it might have passed, but a foundling, unnamed, unknown, had no hold upon the courtly Hofdame, whatever his personal qualities or disposition. The boy, it must be owned, did nothing to acquire her good-will; and, after taking leave of Mr. Lovel, when the

children went to bed, and after nearly throttling his dear mother by a violent but affectionate hug, he would turn away from the Countess Fanny with evident dislike.

Within a few days after the arrival of the duke and duchess at Cheyne, the festivities which Mr. Lovel had contemplated in celebration of that event, were necessarily postponed by another, namely, the *accouchement* of the duchess, who was brought to bed of a third daughter—the only one born in the ancient house of her family. Much discussion took place as to the name that should be given her—at last, the poetical one of Una was selected at the desire of the duke, whose disappointment was this time felt, but not disclosed to his wife. He had, indeed, during the latter part of his travels, become strongly attached both to his wife and children; and, with the return of health and spirits, showed too much happiness in their society to allow his feelings, though natural, to disturb his enjoyment.

In his early life, the duke had been a man of pleasure and expense—his wants, rather than his affections, had led him to seek the

hand of Cornelia, and, in obtaining her, besides the large fortune she brought him, he had been blest with a companion who, though beyond his merits at that time, proved herself capable of raising his mind and character to her own level during the few years they were fated to live together. Theirs was one of the cases, not very rare perhaps, in which the moral standard of woman's mind gains a silent, but permanent victory over the material and worldly tendencies of man's less refined nature. In such cases, no pious lecturer, no moralizing divine, has half the effect of the constant companionship of an attached and delicate-minded wife.

The duke had lost much money in mining speculations, begun by his father, and injudiciously continued by himself; he had thereby made it both inconvenient and disagreeable to live on his Cornish estate, in the very neighbourhood of his failures, and of other families who would be the unwelcome witnesses of his own impoverishment. It was, therefore, with great satisfaction that, on his marriage, he agreed to Mr. Lovel's stipulation, that, immediately after their return

from their travels, they should take up their abode at Cheyne, and consider that as their permanent home. Cornelia's son, or eldest daughter, was to inherit the property, taking the name of Lovel on succeeding to it.

There never existed a simpler-minded heiress than Cornelia. Not caring for wealth, nor even for rank, except for the sake of doing good to others, she left all those selfish and worldly feelings, which are so often disguised under the plausible name of "family considerations," entirely in the background. Most thankful to Providence for the security from care which fortune, rightly managed, affords to its possessor, she valued that fortune, but little in respect of the things of this world which it might procure for her. Guileless herself, she was unsuspicious of others; and now, blest with three lovely daughters, she turned with motherly affection to the blue-eyed, flaxen-headed Una, and resolved to devote herself to all the duties of education which the eldest, Christabelle, now began to require, and which the younger two must equally, in time, demand of her. She arranged that Mrs.

Murray, her tried and valued friend and former governess, should undertake the same post in reference to her daughters.

Christabelle was very forward for her years, and was at once placed in Mrs. Murray's hands. Her health, however, was unequal to her mental endowments; and her pale complexion, characteristic of the eastern clime in which she was born, her dark grey eyes, peering with pensive eloquence from under her darker eyelashes, and her sensitive and expressive mouth, bespoke a delicacy of temperament which called for the judicious management both of the mother and of the teacher.

Ianthe, being as yet exposed to no discipline but that of the nurse, Mrs. Johnson, who kept her in order, was divided between the childish instinct of imitating her elder sister in every thing, and opening her eyes with wonder at the younger one, whose presence among them she did not seem to understand.

Nicholas is under no restraint; but having conquered his early jealousy of her, probably from the increasing number of the nursery,

is now become very fond of playing with Christabelle, who is equally pleased with his society as a playfellow. Mrs. Murray, however, is always in fear from the roughness of his manners. They have a little garden which they cultivate together.

Mayer, the artist, the hitherto philosophical student, who carried German notions and German theories into the East, and who now returning from the East, carried his cosmopolite notions of the ultimate realization of the brotherhood of the whole human race—Mayer, was become quite domesticated in the family. The duchess, with her characteristic kindness, had detained him nominally on a visit, but rather to give him a temporary home, and to employ him in the decoration of her boudoir, with frescoes and arabesques, representing the principal scenes in the different countries in which they had travelled. She knew that it would take a long time for a foreign painter, however great his talent, to make way among the crowd of aspirants in every walk of art who throng the schools and museums of London: she, therefore, took care to employ his abilities at the same time

that he could gradually learn something of the country, and fit himself for appearing before the world with advantage. Among his other works, he painted a very beautiful group of the duchess and her family, in which he made a point of showing his gratitude for the kindness which he could not avoid perceiving; and, on finishing it, requested to be allowed to begin to teach drawing to the little Christabelle, the only one as yet of an age to profit by his instructions.

At his leisure, Mayer often took Nicholas out with him, to study from nature in Cheyne Park, and sometimes prolonged his excursions into the wild scenery with which parts of Yorkshire are embellished. He was a good companion for the wild and unruly boy, as his information was great, and he could both interest him and keep him in order, which no other person in the house could do. This was particularly difficult in their excursions on the lake; for Nicholas, in addition to the strong inclination he always felt to do whatever was forbidden, had been so accustomed as a child to bathe and swim on every opportunity while in warm climates, could

not understand why, when heated with rowing, he was not to do the same under the chilly sky of England.

Countess Fanny's dislike to him in the meanwhile did not diminish, and she frequently pressed Cornelia to send the pert boy to a cheap country school, where he may be taught not only manners, but to gain his livelihood by some honest trade. The countess was too well known in the family as a most liberal donor of cheap and unasked-for advice, that her counsels, when given, did not generally carry much weight with them. Cornelia smiled, and promised to think of it; but, though her good sense and her wishes for the boy's welfare could not but lead her to the same conclusion, she was really too fond of seeing him full of life and spirits, running and leaping about the gardens, and unfeignedly fond of herself, to think of parting with him so soon.

An accident, however, led to a decision on the subject much sooner than the most reasonable discourses of the countess could have done. One day, while she was carefully explaining to her ignorant niece—

ignorant because she did not care to know—the pedigree of some illustrious houses of Electoral Saxony, they were alarmed by a loud cry from the duchess's flower-garden, not far from the window at which the ladies were sitting.

"Those children," exclaimed Countess Fanny, interrupted in the midst of a dissertation on the quarterings borne by some Saxon family; "those children are not born to associate with one another!"

Cornelia, alarmed at the unusual tone of her Christabelle, and knowing, with the instinctive knowledge of a mother, that it must have proceeded from some acute pain, flew to the spot where Nicholas and Christabelle had been amusing themselves with planting stocks and wallflowers, in the shapes of letters, and where they still were, though their industry had been suddenly arrested by an accident.

By the side of a wheelbarrow, turned upside down upon the gravel-walk, sat the poor little girl, crying piteously, while by her, stood the unintentional cause of her misfortune, Nicholas, whose countenance, flushed

and intent upon something not apparent to the ladies, betrayed great emotion. He had spread his handkerchief on one shoulder, upon which he was in the act of carefully laying the arm of the sorrowful Christabelle, while he endeavoured with his arm to support the pale and now fainting child, who seemed in danger of falling backwards.

"Look at that naughty little brat," cried Countess Fanny, "he has half killed your charming angel, Christabelle;" and forthwith putting Nicholas rather angrily on one side, she would have taken the sobbing child up in her arms, had not her mother been beforehand. Christabelle, who had not much more liking for her aunt than Nicholas, turned away from her, and threw her head upon the neck of her mother, who speedily carried her into the house.

It was found, on examination, that the child's arm was really broken, though not dangerously, and that after some time she would, by favour of her youth, easily recover the use of it.

Cornelia's first care had been her child, and it was not until after the bone had been

set, and her mind comparatively at ease, that she thought of inquiring of Nicholas how the accident had happened.

Knowing that he stood before a kind and not unfriendly judge, Nicholas plainly said—"We had been all day at work in our garden: Chrissy said she was tired, and I was wheeling her home in the barrow, when my foot caught the spade lying on the ground, and I fell, and the barrow turned over, and Chrissy's arm went between it and the gravel-walk. I did not mean it, mother." He said this calmly, but with forced pauses, till at the word "mother" his feelings overcame him, and he burst into tears. The emotion did not last long, however, for the entrance of the Countess Fanny quite turned the current of his feelings; he looked at her, and remained proudly silent. "I believe you, my dear boy," said Cornelia. "I do not," gruffly observed the Countess.

Cornelia, not choosing to have a disagreeable scene, kindly sent Nicholas away, and he heard no more upon the subject till the next day, when the unwelcome intelligence

was made known to him, that he was to go immediately to school at York.

Two days afterwards, his things were packed up, and he was sent for to wish good-bye to the family circle. Such partings are sad scenes; but it may be doubted if there have often been sadder ones than those of Nicholas on this occasion.

He entered Cornelia's sitting-room with a throbbing heart, and the first sight which awaited him was not calculated to soothe his feelings. The poor little girl was lying still and motionless on a sofa, her pale and evidently suffering countenance contrasting painfully with his remembrance of the smiling playfellow whom he had with some trouble lifted into the wheelbarrow. With tears in his eyes, which he would fain suppress, he approached the sofa, when, from the almost motionless lips of the little sufferer, he caught the feeble words, "I know you did not mean it, dear Niccò," which quite upset all his manful resolutions, and nature burst forth in a torrent of tears. The duke and Mr. Lovel gave what falls upon his heart as a cold good-bye; he passed them silently and

sullenly; but when he came to the duchess, he embraced her convulsively—feeling now that she, who must feel his offence most, is yet his truest friend. She gave him many keepsakes, and a locket with her hair—told him to be good at school, and she would drive to see him often—and that he should return to Cheyne for the Christmas holidays. She presented him with a little purse which he had seen her knit; there was money in it, the first he has ever had—a present, the novelty of which struck him much more than the value.

But the most touching part of all this scene, which made the boy feel that his negligence is forgiven (even though he is sent to school for it), is, that Cornelia lifted him up to be kissed by Christabelle on her couch, and little Ianthe put out her mouth to do the same. His heart swelled, but he would not kiss either in return; his sullen pride forbade it, and he left the room under charge of his friend Mayer, who gave him good advice, and took him to the Johnsons. The worthy people saw that his outfit was all in order, and Mayer and Johnson drove

him in a little pony carriage (Nicholas holding the whip) to the "seminary for young gentlemen" at York, where he was to be placed.

There is nothing that gives life to a house so much as the presence of a sprightly, animated child. The absence of Nicholas made a very great difference in this respect at Cheyne. The remaining children being younger, and all girls, one an infant, and one kept quiet for her recovery, the free and rather noisy boy was missed by all except the Countess Fanny, who made no secret of her pleasure at getting rid of him. She prophesied nothing but evil of him for all future time, and made the most of the liberty which Nicholas's absence afforded her, to bore poor Cornelia with fresh histories of the Dukes of Leignitz, and the Counts of Pappenheim.

A diversion was, however, soon afterwards created by the preparations which were made for keeping the duchess's birthday—the first since her return—by a dinner and ball to the tenantry and the school-children, and various amusements and largess to the poor on the estate. Dr. M'Leod was to

come from London, snatching two days from his increasing practice, on purpose for it, and also to pronounce on the cure of the delicate little Christabelle. Countess Fanny remained a week longer on purpose for it; but was alarmed lest all should go wrong with her German mistress in her absence, as the Hofmarschal in her little court was her political enemy.

Cornelia, now in the height of happiness, adored by father, husband, friends, not excepting the whole household, was yet sufficiently alive to the frail tenure of all earthly blessings to feel, that she must not receive them as due to her own merits. She prayed humbly and earnestly to deserve all those now possessed; and, piously confiding in the goodness of Providence, accepted the happy present, full of gratitude for the past, and of hope for the future.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The sun set; but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fix'd on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seem'd his eye:
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain,
Brought the Age of Gold again:
His action won such reverence sweet,
As hid all measure of the feat."

EMERSON.

"Il étoit comme un beau cheval, qui n'a point de bouche; son courage le poussoit au hazard, la sagesse ne moderoit pas sa valeur."—TÉLÉMAQUE.

CHRISTABELLE did but slowly recover from the effects of her fall; her natural delicacy of constitution rendering it difficult for her to bear even the gentle exercise which was recommended her.

The duchess's birthday arrived: Christabelle was sitting as usual on a little low stool by the side of her grandfather's arm-chair, with her book on her knees, reading

to him stories, and making her childish and natural remarks, to which Mr. Lovel was always ready to listen.

He was very fond of children, and it had been a source of regret to him that his own family, being limited to an only daughter, he had so soon lost the artless and unsophisticated conversation which to an attentive mind makes the charm of children's society. Though Christabelle was still too young to learn much from her grandfather, he was careful to answer all her questions in an earnest and reasonable manner, and not to get rid of them by *put-offs*, as many inconsiderately do. The child soon found out that she was attended to, and, with the intelligence so often found among delicate children, attached herself daily more and more to her loving grandfather.

"Grandpapa," said she, "do you know my dog Flora has got such pretty little puppies. There are five of them. I have been to see them, down at the keeper's. Grandpapa, do you know they are all born quite blind, and are only now beginning to open their eyes. Was I born blind, grandpapa?"

"No, my dear," said Mr Lovel, gently stroking her fine silky ringlets, "it is not usual for children to be born blind. If, unfortunately, they are so, their blindness is very difficult to cure."

"Were you born blind, grandpapa?"

"No, my dear, God gave me the use of as good eyes as most men, and I have employed them in the study of the noblest of his works, as your mamma will explain to you some day. Perhaps my blindness came from my not considering that great gift, whose value I well knew, but whose frail tenure I did not reflect upon."

"What did you do, grandpapa, that made you so blind?"

"I looked all night, and many nights, at the moon and the stars, with those long glasses you see in the observatory, and through which, I heard, mamma made you look."

"Yes, and I saw the moon so near, I could almost touch it."

"As you grow older, you will find nothing finer, nothing more beautiful to look at, or

to think of, than the heavens, the work of God's hands."

"But will that make me blind, too?"

"Not if you do not tire your eyes too much, which I did."

Christabelle, after a long pause—"Grandpapa, why can I not see God? Mrs. Murray says he is every where. I suppose I cannot see him with my eyes open."

"My child," said Mr. Lovel, gravely, "you have spoken most truly: many are those whose eyes are open to the world, who see not God: may those whose eyes are closed, see him more clearly!"

"Grandpapa, do you see God now that you are blind?"

Grandpapa turned his sightless eyes upwards with a melancholy expression of countenance, and then pressed the child's face tenderly to his own, as if he would fain see either in the heavens above, or, if any where in the earth beneath, in the innocence of childhood, the image of that God which is nearer to the artless mind of infancy, than to the intellectual wisdom of age. But, before an answer could be given, the conversa-

tion was interrupted by Christabelle's Swiss attendant, who comes to tell her in French, that if grandpapa can spare her, Madame la Duchesse will take her in the pony phaeton, with her two favourite little ponies, to York, to see Master Nicholas on her birthday. Full of joy at this unexpected summons, the child jumped up, and, kissing her grandpapa, coaxingly asked leave to go. Permission being readily given, she darts off to her mamma, and, seated on her lap, they drive off to York.

The duke, who had business in York, drove the little carriage swiftly over the beautiful road that led to the city, while the delighted Christabelle was never tired of looking at the various carriages, and houses, and groups of people which they passed on the way. The carriage was followed by two outriders, one of whom went on with the duke when the carriage stopped, and left the duchess and her little daughter at the door of the school of which Nicholas was an inmate.

In the suburbs of York, or rather in the outskirts of the suburbs themselves, stood a single house—not exactly a lone house, for

there were others not far from it—but looking so dull, so dismal, and so uninviting, that it might be called a lone house, and yet have no reason to complain. It was a plain brown, brick house, with many windows, whose panes were certainly made before the invention of plate glass, small squares, dusty and cobwebbed, one only of which was half opened. At this appeared half a dozen of round heads of hair, not particularly well combed, behind which were three or four more, with great efforts striving to get a peep at the beautiful equipage which stopped at the gate. The groom had dismounted, and rang the rather heavy and rusty bell which hung by the side of the grated entrance. A stir was soon heard within (for the house was surrounded, except at the gate, with high brick walls), and the gate being opened by a regular school servant, a sort of ploughboy, in an ill-made livery, the duchess and Christabelle entered Mr. Turner's "Academy for Young Gentlemen," as the public were informed by a shining brass plate on the door.

They were ushered into a dreary, stiff-looking room, where, after a considerable

delay, Mrs. Turner, a hard and severe-looking matron, joined them. She made a hundred excuses for keeping her grace waiting, and seemed doubtful whether she ought not to apologise to her ladyship, the little Lady Christabelle, who sat all wonder and astonishment at the novelty of the scene around her. The icy-looking parlour, the dull, ill-polished walnut chairs, the dingy green baize on the table, the equally faded carpet, and the harsh tones of Mrs. Turner's voice, which the over-civility of her speeches could not dissemble, all struck the young mind of Christabelle with aversion to the place, though she could not, of course, account for it. Her youth did not prevent her from feeling the gulf that separated the academy from Cheyne Place.

"But where is Niccò, dear mamma?" whispered the little girl, "why does he not come?"

"I am sorry to inform your ladyship," said Mrs. Turner, in her most impressive manner, "that Master Brydges (it had been found necessary to give Nicholas a surname

on his entrance upon school life) is confined to his room for a serious offence."

Christabelle looked inquiringly at her mamma, who immediately asked what was the nature of this serious offence.

"I must make bold to say, your grace," replied Mrs. Turner, "that Master Nicholas Brydges is a most violent and turbulent boy. He had some little quarrel, which we always try to prevent, my lady, with Master Bullen, and not content with beating him in fight, which is against all our rules, my lady, he gave him a double licking, as he said, to teach him to be merciful to the little boys. There goes Master Bullen, you can see him through the window with his head tied up. Of course, Mr. Turner could not leave such conduct unpunished, and so Master Brydges is to be on bread and water for two days. Won't your grace be pleased to take a little of our cake and currant wine?"

This the duchess politely declined; and, suspecting Nicholas had not had fair play, persisted in requesting to see him, which, with evident unwillingness on Mrs. Turner's part, was at last consented to.

As soon as the schoolmistress left them, Christabelle ran to the window, and looked out with renewed wonder at the troop of boys on their way to the playground. No Nicholas of course was among them; but she could not help remarking the scowling looks of his antagonist, Bullen, who was a clumsy boy, twice the size of Nicholas, and whose untidy and slovenly appearance made even the duchess exclaim—"I hope Niccò will never be like that!" Soon after the door opened, and, although Mrs. Turner had the good sense not to enter, her heavy step might be heard down the passage, as Nicholas, the sadly altered Nicholas, came rushing into the room.

What a change! His matted hair, his untidy dress, his sullen brow and bloodshot eyes, with a large scar across his cheeks, produced, as he afterwards told them, by a redhot slate pencil for refusing to clean his master's boots, giving his brown beauty a very savage appearance, all struck the duchess that this school at least was no fit place for him, and poor Christabelle began to cry.

He threw himself upon the duchess, and

hiding his face in her bosom, dirty and uncombed as he was, he burst into a flood of tears. Perhaps it was the only happy moment the poor boy had felt since he left her. His heart once relieved, he shortly told his own story, which, as may be supposed, put his "highly improper conduct" in its true light, and satisfied the duchess that he had only acted as a high-spirited boy would have done upon provocation.

It was a beautiful group. The duchess always graceful, and, when animated, beaming kindness and benevolence on all around her; little elegant Christabelle, with her long silken tresses hanging under her flapping straw hat; contrast with the careless and untidy schoolboy, now, perhaps, more than ever neglectful of his attire. While he embraces his dear mother, Christabelle, regardless of the probable damage to her embroidered muslin frock and blue sash, falls upon Niccò's neck, and dries his tears with her little handkerchief.

Cornelia, much affected by this scene, in which she looked like the personification of Charity surrounded by the objects of her

beneficence, now imparted to Nicholas her intention of removing him from school for a few days' holiday, and sends for the master, who was not long in making his appearance.

Mr. Turner was a jolly, good-natured looking man, rather tinged with vulgarity, and very much guided in his management of the school by his sour-faced helpmate.

"I have to make a thousand most humble apologies to your grace, for not having appeared to make my respects a little sooner to your grace; but Mrs. Turner (who is a most providential helpmate for me in the arduous undertaking of shaping the rising generation into that form most likely to do credit to ourselves, that is, to themselves, before God and man), Mrs. Turner, I say, desired me to leave it all to her. Very much honoured are we, I may say—I hope not without our own merits—in being honoured with your grace's visit to our poor establishment, where, however, I may be bold enough to state, all the highest standing of the gentry of this great and populous, this manufacturing, this wealthy, this famous county of York,

send their sons to be educated, and finished after the best methods."

How far the poor man would have run on it is impossible to say; but, fortunately for himself and for all, Cornelia thought it best to put a stop to his harangue by saying, she thought Nicholas would be better at home for a short time, and that she was prepared to take him with her in the carriage. "As your grace pleases," smilingly acquiesced Mr. Turner; "he will learn more gentlemanlike manners under your ladyship's eye, than he has brought with him to school."

Nicholas darted an indignant look at the master, but relapsed into sullen silence when the duchess said, "Go, Nicholas, and pack up as fast as you can;" words which had a wonderful effect upon the boy's physiognomy. He flew out of the room, and in less time than could have been thought possible, returned, saying he had packed up every thing, and longed to go home with dear mother (he does not say mamma after going to school), and Chrissy.

"But Mitchell has sent you a plumcake and sweetmeats, what will you do with them?"

said the duchess. "Give them to the boys, and most to the little fellows, and take care that Bullen has some," he replied.

This was said with rather more of scorn than generosity; and the precious hamper being left behind, together with a haunch of venison for Mr. Turner, the joyful Nicholas leapt into the phaeton, which the duke had now rejoined, and they drove off merrily to Cheyne; Christabelle clapping her hands for joy, and saying she does not like school at all. It was truly a triumph for Nicholas; for, as the light equipage and spirited horses bounded from the door, a shout, succeeded by a second and a third, from the boys assembled in the playground to look at the "first-rate turn out," greeted his ear. Bullen, lately the tyrant of the school, skulked alone, and did not join in the cheer.

On arriving at Cheyne, Nicholas is sent to Mrs. Johnson, who was overjoyed to see him again, even in the shabby state in which he was, which she pronounced a highly unbecoming condition for such a young gentleman. He was, in her hands, speedily washed and dressed, and then makes the best

of his way to the duchess's room, which he had always the privilege of entering. The return to that happy room, where all was comfort and elegance, and where he had been accustomed to receive the unfailing attention and caresses of an affectionate family, whom he knew only as mother and sisters, contrasted as light to darkness with Mr. Turner's chilling academy, where the only attention he met with was paid to his faults, and where the caresses came in the shape of cuffs from Bullen.

Mastering with great effort a natural struggle which he could not entirely suppress, Nicholas sat himself down on the well-known little chair, which had often been his seat, by the side of the duchess's sofa, and, with his hands twisting the fringe of the Turkish table-cover, which he could just remember having gone to see when bought in the bazaar at Athens, and which was, therefore, something like an old friend, and fellow-traveller to him; he began,—

"Dear mother, I am so happy to be at home again, with you and Chrissy."

"Well, dear Niccò, we are always glad to

have you, but you must go and learn something, you know."

"So I do, mother, and here are my tickets of approbation, and the list of studies I have done, and all my books."

"Yes, Niccò, I think I heard that for your studies there was no fault to be found with you. You are quick and sharp enough to learn any thing, but you must learn also good behaviour, and not to be quarrelsome. You were passionate sometimes at home, but not wilfully quarrelsome, I am sure."

"Nor at school either, mother."

"How came you, then, to get into such scrapes? You told me a little of it; you wished to protect a little boy, did you not? But could not that be done without fighting, and making a disturbance in the school? How did it begin?"

Nicholas's colour rose, but he said nothing.

"Tell me, my dear boy," said Cornelia, kindly; "were you not in the wrong, perhaps?"

This gentle preparation for reproof, so unlike Mrs. Turner, went to poor Nicholas's heart, and he would have been quite unable

to speak had not he, on the spur of the moment, blurted out, "No, I was right!—I am sure of it!"

"Tell me," repeated the duchess, "how it all began?"

"Bullen was always teasing the little boys, and me too, at first, because he is the biggest; at last he took away a trap-ball that I had lent a boy, and I went and told him to give it up, and then he threw it over the hedge, and whispered to a little boy to call me names —he was afraid himself: the little boy would not because he is a good fellow, but I heard what the names were; and so, when Bullen was licking the little boy, I flew at him and beat him off, and then all the boys said we must have a fair fight, which was to be directly, and the boy who had the trap-ball came up and offered to be my second: Bullen could not find any second for a long time; nobody would pick him up; at last a new boy, for fear of being thrashed, was his second: I knocked him down twice, then Mr. Turner parted us; but if he had not come by the green, I would have punished Bullen more; but because he had the worst,

I was to be punished for it. The boys all walked off the green with me, however," added Nicholas triumphantly.

Cornelia entered warmly into the feelings of her courageous protégé, but did not feel sure she had got at the whole story yet. Nicholas had an evident reluctance to state the names he had been called; but it came out unexpectedly when she said, "Niccò, you are always right to defend the weak against the strong; but you must beware of passion. You may have to fight, and justly, for a greater cause; but do not be too ready to go to blows for a word."

"What!" exclaimed the boy, his eyes flashing fire, "not when I am called 'charity boy, and nobody's son?'"

A veil fell from the eyes of the astonished Cornelia as she heard these words, uttered in a tone of manly rage and indignation far beyond his years. She was suddenly awakened to a new perception of Nicholas's position. She saw his was a character not to be trifled with, and acknowledged to herself that he had reason to feel exasperated by such insults. It also happened that she had heard

among the cheers that had followed Nicholas, on his departure from his school companions, "Hurra for the young marquis!" and became sensible that any farther uncertainty respecting his peculiar situation in their family would lead to his being placed, among his young and thoughtless playmates, sometimes too high, and sometimes too low, a trial to which it was not fair to expose him.

Resolving to consult the duke upon the subject, she now yielded to her affection for the friendless orphan, and, kissing him tenderly on the forehead, said impressively, "Remember, Nicholas, you are always my dear boy, whom God has placed in my hands, and, with his help, I will be your friend through life, be it long or short." Alas! she saw little into futurity. She then took a small miniature of herself, painted in a locket, and suspended to a gold chain, which she placed round the boy's neck, telling him whenever he felt trial or temptation to do wrong, to look at that, and to think how much pain and regret it would cost her who then looked at him. Nicholas kissed

the picture with boyish rapture, and promised all she asked of him.

Cornelia inwardly resolved to place him, as soon as his age and education should permit it, in some active profession, and that meanwhile, he should not stay at a school where reports as to his birth, gathered from the gossip of the neighbourhood, might continue to annoy him. She then looked around her; and, warming with gratitude to Providence for the blessings which had hitherto accompanied her through life, determined to repay them as far as she could, in kindness to the poor foundling, whose sole friend in this world she was.

But it would be previously needful to acquaint Nicholas himself with his own history, and, with the exception of the mysterious circumstances of his birth, of which she, with the rest of the world, was ignorant, all his life had, to this period, been passed under her own eye. She therefore, after some consideration, called him back to her, and, with much kind and gentle preparation, informed him of all his previous existence, as far as she knew it, as it has been related in this story.

The boy, deeply affected, and now penetrated with a double sense of her goodness, and of his obligations to her, again embraced his benefactress, and repeated his earnest declarations never to forget her counsels.

Cornelia felt her heart relieved by this act of duty. The secret motive that urged her to so much decision on this occasion, was the early prospect of again increasing her family, and the feeling of a duty undischarged would have laid at that moment a heavy burden on her soul.

While occupied with these thoughts, her husband came to summon her to the rustic sports, and dinner of the tenantry. Leaning on his arm, and followed by her lovely children, she presented herself, fair and good, to the motley group; she went round saying kind and pleasant things to each, and showed them, with a mother's pride, her beautiful little girls. This honest pride in God's greatest blessing, is never taken amiss even when shown by the great towards the poor; they, too, can enter into the feelings of the parent—they knew and respected the exulta-

tion of the mother's heart when she bade them look at her children.

The day was propitious, the sports were gay and cheerful; all were animated and happy, running, dancing, or leaping on the lawn, until the gong sounded, and the tables were laid, and all the countryfolks, young and old, sat down to the hospitable board. It is superfluous to describe the natural mirth of a respectable tenantry, or rather tenantry and peasantry united, when met together on those terms which combine ease on the one side, with respect on the other: it is a sight which few countries, except England, can at the present day exhibit. After the feast, the whole assemblage repaired to a lofty barn, which had been fitted up with festoons of evergreens and flowers in preparation for the ball.

Some little delay took place while the various parties, unaccustomed to such sights, walked round the room admiring the decorations, and the brilliant lights with which the ci-devant barn was illuminated. The farmers could hardly believe it was the place where they had formerly stowed away their grain;

and the young women said it would be a fine use to put their barns to whenever they were empty, an expectation which met with no concurrence from their fathers and brothers.

It was affecting to see the old and sightless Mr. Lovel, led by his interesting little granddaughter, Christabelle, as he made his way among them. Having lived constantly in the county, and managed all his own property as far as possible himself; he knew the names, and even the voices, of many of the older tenants. He made a complete round of the ball-room; and, after having spoken to most of them, and encouraged Christabelle to say something to the young girls, he returned to a seat placed for him in a shady corner, at the head of the room. Cornelia smilingly asks the duke to choose himself a partner, and then she shall not scruple to do the same.

The younger children, who had surrounded their grandfather's chair, were now summoned to bed; and Christabelle and Nicholas were alone permitted to remain. The two danced together, and were greatly admired by the countryfolks—Nicholas looking, as

they said, like a proper young gentleman; and Christabelle, a little angel from heaven; but, after Nicholas, nobody had the honour of her hand but Mr. Hoskins, the steward; while at the same time, the duke, her father, led out Mrs. Mitchell, the stately housekeeper, much to her own pompous satisfaction.

The other servants of the house were quickly provided with partners; for the farmer's daughters were not unknown to the household, in their occasional meetings at church, or in the village. It was a gay and animated scene, and one which gave more satisfaction to both host and guests, and produced more genuine pleasure and good-humour, than many a more splendid festival. As the evening wore on, lights were seen moving about outside the barn, much to the wonder of the younger folks, who could not imagine what was going forward, but in a short time a rushing noise, and a blaze of rockets astonished them, and nearly put an end to the dance at the same time. All the young people who had never seen fireworks before, rushed to the door; and,

when the young were departed, few remained to dance. Some of the women were alarmed, as usual on such occasions, and were but slowly comforted, as the beauty of the Bengal lights, Catherine wheels, Roman candles, flower-pots, and stars, and meteors such as earth ne'er saw, won upon them by degrees, and more particularly as they found they were not hurt.

"Luigi has done this capitally," said the duke. The words were scarcely uttered, when a burst of flame, succeeded by a loud explosion, suddenly roused the attention of the whole assembly. A piercing cry was heard, and the noise of a number of people exclaiming in tones of unmistakeable alarm —"He's killed—he's killed!" The duke instantly went off to inquire what had happened, and was met, before he had advanced halfway towards the spot, by several persons running, some from fright, some from anxiety, to relate the misfortune that had happened.

Every thing had been, up to that moment, so successful; every arrangement for the pleasure of the people had so perfectly well

answered its purpose, that the sudden change fell with a double force upon the hearts both of Cornelia and her husband. How dim then did the coloured lamps seem to burn—how funereal did the festoons of flowers now appear to the lately joyous throng! A thick smoke, and a heavy smell of gunpowder, began to fill the air all round the barn; and although the duke at first hoped that nothing had occurred beyond the alarm, and the accidental burning of a few evergreens, he was but too soon undeceived as to the cause and the fatal effects which had followed it.

"In God's name what has happened?" cried the duke to the first man he met running from the scene of the accident.

"Oh, your grace," said the man, out of breath, "a shocking thing!—a spark from one of the fireworks flew out in a contrary direction to what poor Mr. Louis expected, and the wind carried to a heap of combustibles close by, no water was at hand, and poor Mr. Louis," here the man seemed so terrified he could hardly proceed,—"poor Mr. Louis, he thought to put it out by jumping with all his weight upon it, but that drove the spark

into the other fireworks, and all blew up together: and—we fear—Mr. Louis will never get over it."

The duke waited to hear no more, but rushed onwards to learn the true state of the case. It was clear something dreadful had occurred, and, though he did not give entire credence to the hasty account which he had just heard, believing Luigi to be much too careful to have occasioned a catastrophe in such a manner, yet it behoved him to take instant measures for his relief.

As he went on, he met some of the domestics, who were in all diligence making a sort of bier of benches and poles, with carpets over them, to transport the poor man to the house. Having sent one of them to call Dr. M'Leod, and another to order a man and horse to be sent instantly to York, for the purpose of bringing the most experienced surgeon back with all speed, he approached the unhappy Luigi, lying on the ground, burnt, and apparently suffering great agony.

No time was to be lost. The unfortunate man was placed as carefully as possible upon the seat prepared for him, and, carried by

four of the household servants, while two others supported him on each side, he was conveyed to a room hastily prepared for him on the ground-floor.

Here was a sad end to the joyful festival. The multitude dispersed; nobody seemed to know how. The whole attention of the house was turned to the yet undecided fate of Luigi. The surgeon arrived from York, and, after a painful examination of the injuries the poor man had received, and a few words spoken apart with Dr. M'Leod, he pronounced amputation to be absolutely necessary, and that even then that it would be a doubtful and a dangerous case.

Nicholas was early next morning sent back to school, as his continued presence at Cheyne would have been only troublesome at that time. He was, however, given to understand, that he was not to stay much longer at that delectable seminary, and it is unnecessary to say what were his feelings in consequence.

The duke carefully tended the sick man's bed, sitting up with him, and doing and saying what was in his power to keep up his

spirits. The duchess would, in the kindness of her heart, have done the same; but it was judged more prudent by Dr. M'Leod, that in her present situation she should be kept away from every cause of agitation.

It was all in vain. Luigi, with great courage, submitted to the operation, but sank so much after it, that mortification ensued, and the doctors pronounced his case hopeless. He was arrived at that awful point when pain ceases, but life surely follows it.

Dr. M'Leod then, as having been the longest acquainted with Luigi, and the most capable of speaking to him at the crisis of his fate, told him that his present freedom from suffering was no step towards recovery, but, on the contrary, a sure sign of progress towards the end; and that, all earthly remedies being now unavailing, the only relief he could find would be in death.

At first, Luigi refused to believe the announcement; but gradually becoming more calm, something that seemed to oppress his mind forced him to speak, and, in a feeble tone, he asked to see his master and mistress. Cornelia, whose anxiety had prevented all

repose, came immediately to the poor sufferer's chamber, with her usual compassionate feeling, as soon as the request was made known to her.

She had not changed her dress since the fête, having only lain down to rest for a limited time; because her concern for an old and faithful servant of her husband's, prompted her to be in readiness for whatever might occur. The contrast between her appearance in her festal costume, her fair hair wreathed with pearls, her dress light and elegant as suited the season, and the bloody traces that could not be entirely removed from the scene of the operation, was strikingly and painfully apparent. On one side of the poor man's bed sat the duke, his face buried in his hands, in a state of repressed agitation, such as his wife had never witnessed. Cornelia entered that room happy; she left it never to smile again.

But when her husband raised his head, and she saw the pallid and conscience-stricken countenance of one whom she had never even mentally suspected of guilt, she sank at once into a chair, and, clasping her hands, ex-

claimed, "O God, what hast thou reserved for me!"

A deep groan from the now dying man, reminded them that there was one in the room whose imminent fate was yet more urgent than any private feelings of their own, however powerful; and the duke with an humbled, but imploring look towards Cornelia, turned silently to Luigi, and waited as if expecting him to speak.

"I have told your grace something," said he, "but not all. I have been a miserable man ever since I was first tempted to this career of guilt."

"Rest yourself awhile, Luigi," said the duke; "I must speak apart to the duchess."

He then took Cornelia aside, and communicated to her the story, which he had but in part heard from his servant's confession, the end of which it was necessary he should collect from his now failing intellect as quickly as possible.

Luigi's narrative, which was long and frequently interrupted, will be best condensed into one tale, the substance of which was as follows:—

He began by reminding the duke of an Italian girl with whom he had in his former travels fallen deeply in love, and whom he had persuaded to elope with him from the convent where she was finishing her education. She had been taken on board the yacht, where she had been imposed upon by an illegal and incomplete ceremony of marriage, by the aid of a Greek renegade priest, whom the duke had picked up at Syracuse, and who had consented to act upon the occasion. This man, Mavrosceni by name, and an unprincipled adventurer in character, was no other than the mysterious person whom the duke had unexpectedly met one evening on the ramparts of Malta.

Luigi continued—that, as the duke must remember, they arrived after a long cruise in France, whence they travelled as man and wife over great part of the Continent, finally settling in a cottage in Switzerland, where the duke had, after a time, heartlessly deserted her, not knowing her then to be *enceinte*, and leaving it in charge to Luigi to take her back to her own country, with a large sum of money, sufficient indeed to provide for her

future comfort, but unhappily also sufficient to tempt the unfaithful Luigi to appropriate it, or most of it, to his own use. This, the guilty man, in the agonies of conscience more than of body, now acknowledged to have done, and to have left the unfortunate Veronica to struggle as she could with poverty and despair. Luigi went on to confess that the story he had told the duke on his return to England, about having taken Veronica and settled her comfortably in Corsica, and of her death there by fever subsequently, was an unfounded fabrication, and that, as he learned afterwards, she had followed him, though slowly, to England, where she had probably heard of his intended marriage with the duchess.

Both the duke and duchess learn with horror that the unfortunate woman who committed suicide the morning they left London, and whose destitute orphan Cornelia had taken under her motherly care, was no other than the poor, deserted Veronica Lanzi.

Luigi having seen the body, as drawn dripping from the Thames, could speak

positively as to her identity; and the fact of her having an infant of the age of Nicholas at that time, was accounted for by her having alluded to her expectations of becoming a mother before Luigi had finally left her in Switzerland, though the circumstance was unknown at the time the duke had so cruelly abandoned her.

All this Luigi, feeling himself about to appear before his eternal judge, solemnly asserted to be true, and passionately entreated both the duke and duchess, while thanking them for all their past kindness, not only to forgive him, but to believe him. He died penitent, but despairing of mercy from his God.

The duke knelt, fearful of meeting the agonized, but still pitying countenance of his wife, whose virtuous gaze he dreaded to encounter. He felt as if in the presence of an angel of light, before whom he could only bow himself and tremble. Hiding his head in Cornelia's lap, he sobbed aloud.

She promised all should be kept secret; but, full of thought for the unhappy boy,

exacted that Nicholas should be provided for and treated as a son.

Long did she hold his hands as he knelt penitent by the dead man's side, and then praying with him, and for him, embraced him sorrowfully but tenderly. Agonized by remorse, and penetrated by her angelic goodness, he throws himself at her feet, and, after long and violent agitation, he leaves the room leaning upon her arm, loving and respecting her more than ever. But for her—feeling and loving woman that she was, pure and trusting wife—happiness in this world was at an end!

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For ever hush'd in death—
  Mute—calm, she lies;
Not Sleep, but Death, weighs down
  Those dreamless eyes.

No sound—no, all is still;
  Never again
Is heard the sob of breath—
  The moan of pain.

With Presence of its own
  Here seems to dwell
An outstretch'd shape—not hers
  We loved so well.

A form without a mind,
  No thought, no soul,
God's image call'd back,
  That made it whole.

Dost doubt? nay, look again;
  Is not this true?
Is not this thing—to die—
  Awful to view?

Dost fear? nay, flesh will shrink,
  And faint, and fall;
Yet look but once, *once* more,
  And learn it all.

An icy midnight sun—
  A desert shore—
A sea without a tide:
  All this—and more.

O Life, consuming fire!
  Shape me not here,
Alone with this dread Death,
  Such thoughts of fear.

O Pride, dissolve to tears!—
Far better so,
Than with vain human quest
Still seek to know.

Kneel humbly—sadly strive
By Death to pray;
Once more view that pale form—
Rise—go thy way.

The bells are ringing at Cheyne, to proclaim the birth of an heir to its ancient honours—the infant Marquis of Bude is born.

Convulsive symptoms appearing soon after his birth, he is hastily baptized by the name of Arthur, and shortly after, passes away from the transient glimpse of that life, to whose honours and gifts, had he lived, he would have had so large a claim.

Later in the day, a muffled peal is solemnly sounded: the villagers stand about gaping with wonder; tears and sobs are heard; all listen with awe and terror to the announcement of the sad news, brought by messengers from the hall, which tells them the pride and delight of their hearts, the lovely, the beneficent Cornelia, had followed her infant within a few hours to his early grave.

At Cheyne, all is mute horror and anguish, over which we must draw a veil: the white-haired father, the despairing husband, the innocent children, the sorrowing household, are overwhelmed by this great and terrible bereavement. There she lies in her coffin; crimson velvet and coronet, gaudy trappings of death, contrasting with her lovely pale face, so calm and still in death—on her bosom her new-born babe. Solemn and touching picture!

One sits beside her, one who never raises his head, bowed down and overwhelmed with an anguish never exceeded—the unhappy and despairing husband—muttering from time to time, in broken accents, "Lost, for ever lost, my Cornelia!" He does not follow her to her grave in the old church; he cannot be roused from his stupor—but her father and sorrowing children are there, and one unexpected mourner—the orphan Nicholas—who, escaped from his school, like a wild animal, frantic and convulsed with grief, throws himself upon her coffin when it is about to be lowered into the family vault.

A fit ensues, and the poor struggling boy is removed into the churchyard by the awe-stricken and weeping bystanders. At last, they bring him to life, and Christabelle—her pale face and falling hair all wet with tears—with the deep sensibility of a mind beyond her years, whispers to him: "I will love you, Nicholas, dear Nicholas, for our darling mother's sake; speak to me." But his grief is heavy at his heart, and despair lends fierceness to the tone in which he cries, "Oh, that I was dead with her, my mother, my sweet, sweet, mother!" He is taken to the house, and there remains till the duke's pleasure is known about him. Cornelia had left a will, written within a few days of her death, by which she bequeathed to Nicholas £500 per annum for life, and begged that he might be educated in a manner suitable to that provision. The duke, on learning this, when partially recovered from his first agony of grief, though refusing to see the boy, directed that he should be immediately sent to Eton, with an outfit better suited to the condition of a nobleman's son, than to

his anomalous and real position in the noble family of Tintagel.

However, all that affection beyond the grave could effect had been done for the orphan recipient of her bounty by the thoughtful and benevolent Cornelia, though never more will her wise counsel and pure example direct his wild and ungovernable nature through the trials and struggles of existence.

The duke recovered slowly—The despair and gloom which the late disclosures had thrown over his mind, were lost in the greater affliction that had befallen him in this overwhelming sense of his irreparable loss. He sought in various distractions, and in absence from the home where he had been, though for so short a time, supremely happy, some relief for his wounded spirit. Living henceforth much in London, he left his daughters to the care of their grandfather and Mrs. Murray, occasionally visiting them at Cheyne, but especially avoiding the periods of the Eton vacations. Mr. Lovel, however, did not seem to remark this, and was the less likely

to do so as Nicholas was always attentive to the old man, and consequently a favourite of his. He brought from school a character of great cleverness from his masters, accompanied, however, by observations upon his temper and unruly wildness of disposition.

"When these lines meet your eye, my dearest and most beloved husband, the crisis of my fate will have been decided. God, who knows what is best for all his creatures, will, before many weeks are over, have delivered me from the pains which are the inevitable judgment pronounced upon our first mother, Eve, and will have either restored me to health and strength for some few years longer struggle with this world, or will have seen fit to call me to himself in that world to which you and all must follow me. Whatever be the event, I seek to be resigned unto his will, and say with such strength of mind as he has granted me, but with all humility, his will be done.

"It is, however, my duty as long as I am left in possession of life and of my faculties, to exert them to the best of my ability in looking calmly and clearly around me, and in seeing whether it be not in my power to do something for the comfort and happiness of those I shall leave behind me—and oh! my loved and honoured husband, it is not without care and anxiety, though with hearty thankfulness to God for the past, and with confidence in him for all of you for the future, that I contemplate the lot of those that will remain when I am gone. Three, perhaps four, children of tenderest age, will demand a father's deep and anxious care. They will, I know, have every thing that this world can give in means, and care, and nurture, and comfort: but dearest husband, father, believe and know that such gifts are of themselves nothing without the grace of God to guide us in the use of them. Nay, worse than nothing, they are snares. And to escape these snares, so dangerous for girls who are to be one day thrown upon the world without the watchful and ever attendant care of a mother, nothing will serve as a shield but a truly religious

education. You cannot be always with them, or understand what are likely in a few years to be their youthful feelings upon many of those momentous subjects. Study, then, watch their tempers, guide their intellects, choose their friends, pray to God for them, and for youself to be able to help them.

"Above all, trust my dear and early friend, Mrs. Murray. I was once in nearly the same situation that they will be in; that admirable woman was my counsellor and guide in all the questions that naturally arose as I grew up and became known as the heiress to so large a fortune.

"The time will come—God grant their father may live to see it!—when my dearest girls will have the same questions to decide for themselves; but in which no advice that they can ask (even if willing to do so), and no authority that can be exerted to control them (should it unhappily be necessary), will be equivalent to that of their own parent. Watch then, I beseech you, their early tendencies, observe their intimacies, let them have enough society to awaken their minds and exercise their understandings; but never

so frittered away into mere gaiety or amusement as to make them prefer the world to the home of their youth, the brilliancy of a court to the independent seclusion of Cheyne or Botreaux.

"If God allow their affectionate father to witness their marriages, I most earnestly intreat, as a thing on which I have much and deeply reflected, that they may be controlled in their choice by nothing—except character. The husbands that are likely to be their choice, can hardly be other than men of like education and habits to their own family, let their wealth or rank in the eyes of the world be ever so inferior to it. But I beseech you, let not the most brilliant alliance induce you to consent in giving either of them in marriage to a man whose moral worth is not satisfactory to you.

"Ah! if women did but know how much more effect their refusal of unworthy and dissipated suitors would have in checking vice, than the too common and too easy plan of overlooking all previous frailties as the venial follies of youth, they would perhaps exert more sternly their privilege of rejection.

"Not to pursue this subject—for I cannot believe that my children, brought up, as I am sure they will be, under Mrs. Murray's guidance and your authority—I may add, under the auspices of my venerable father, whose presence adds a sanction and a blessing to all around him—my children will never make an objectionable choice. You will be on your guard for them as to the dangers of their own position in regard to the early possession of riches and station in society; be also on the watch to check all vanity, all self-sufficiency, all the insidious encroachments of pride arising from beauty or talent, which I cannot, of course, with all a mother's partiality, predict for them.

"My tears fell fast over the three lovely innocents as I kissed them this night sleeping in heavenly slumbers in their little bed, locked in each other's arms, the very image of spotless innocence and sisterly love. Long may they remain so! Above all things, encourage the love of one for another, and the guardianship of the elder over the younger, should her mind and ability, which seem to promise well, be capable of the task.

"To my dear and revered father, I feel, I know, that you will be every thing. He already feels the touch of age, he wants your help, he likes your society; every thing here calls for your presence in a scene which you will not love the less for bringing me to your remembrance.

"Let not my children ever be kept in ignorance of their mother; bring me to their thoughts; recall your own image of me by causing them to feel they know me, though their infantine memory will be insufficient of itself to assist them; and lock not up in dead silence for years, perhaps for ever, the name of one who will be in your mind and on your lips; steeling the heart to the best and most natural vent to what I know, dearest husband, will be your deep affliction. Is it not so to me, at this still moment, when I foresee I must lose you, though I trust in God we shall be re-united?

"One more subject I approach with tenderness, for I feel the delicacy of it; yet the charity whose attribute is long-suffering, and which thinketh no evil, impels me to do so.

"Knowing, as I do, the true position of

Nicholas, and feeling the greatest interest for himself, as a fine, high-spirited boy, capable of being led to great distinction, but exposed to great dangers and temptation, I not only recommend, but beg, you to treat him as a son, though without acknowledgment. I have such confidence in your judgment that I say no more on this head: you will find whatever I had to add expressed in my will.

"And now, dearest husband, accept my earnest and hearty thanks for the years of happiness I have enjoyed with you. I have so often uttered them in my prayers to God for your happiness, that I feel as if my last breath must be employed in that which is my constant . . . . . look to God for comfort . . . . . *

* This letter was found, addressed to her husband, in the duchess's *secretaire* after her death.

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